

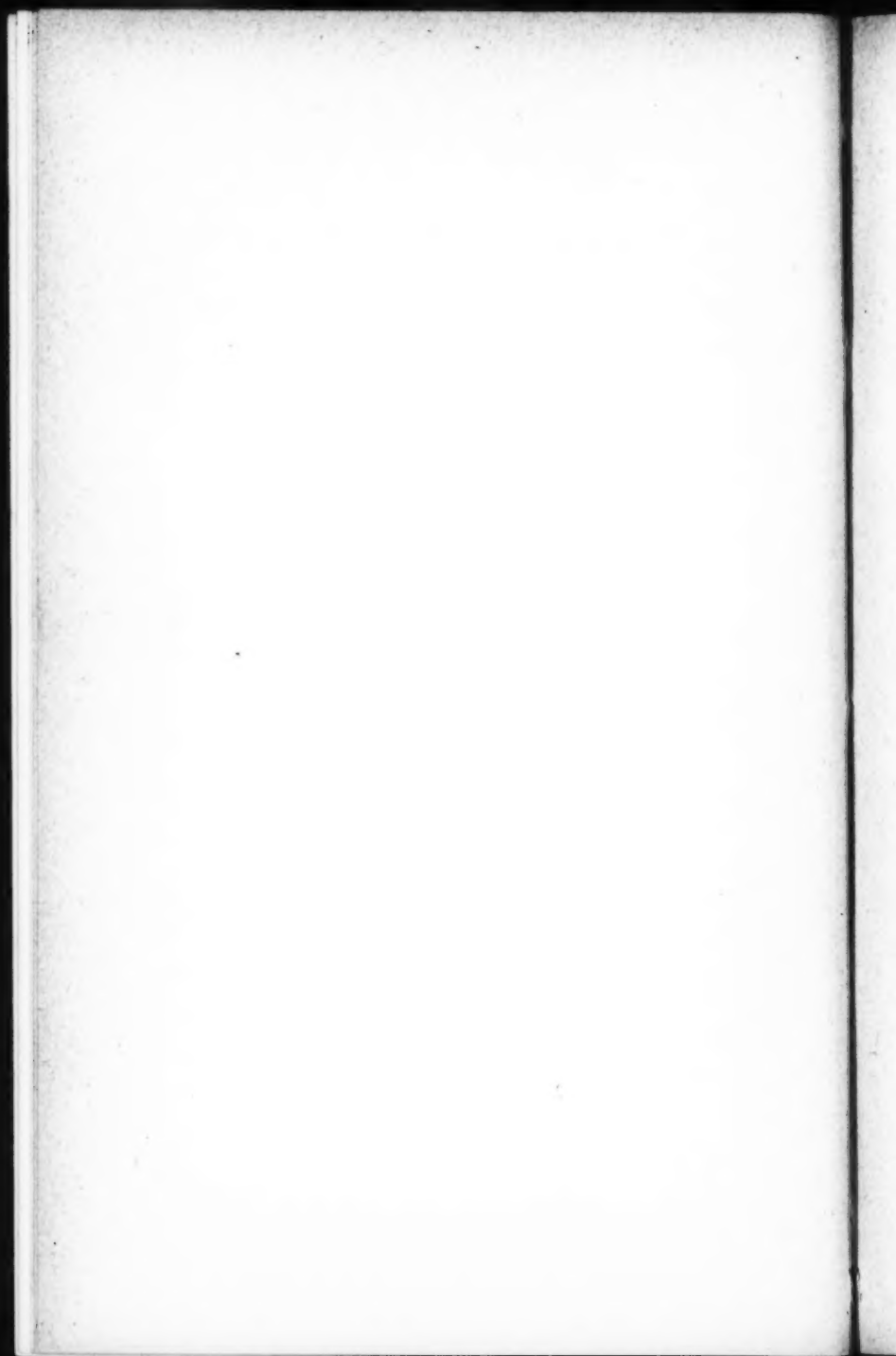
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Manchester Quarterly:

A JOURNAL OF
LITERATURE AND ART.

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Manchester



Quarterly

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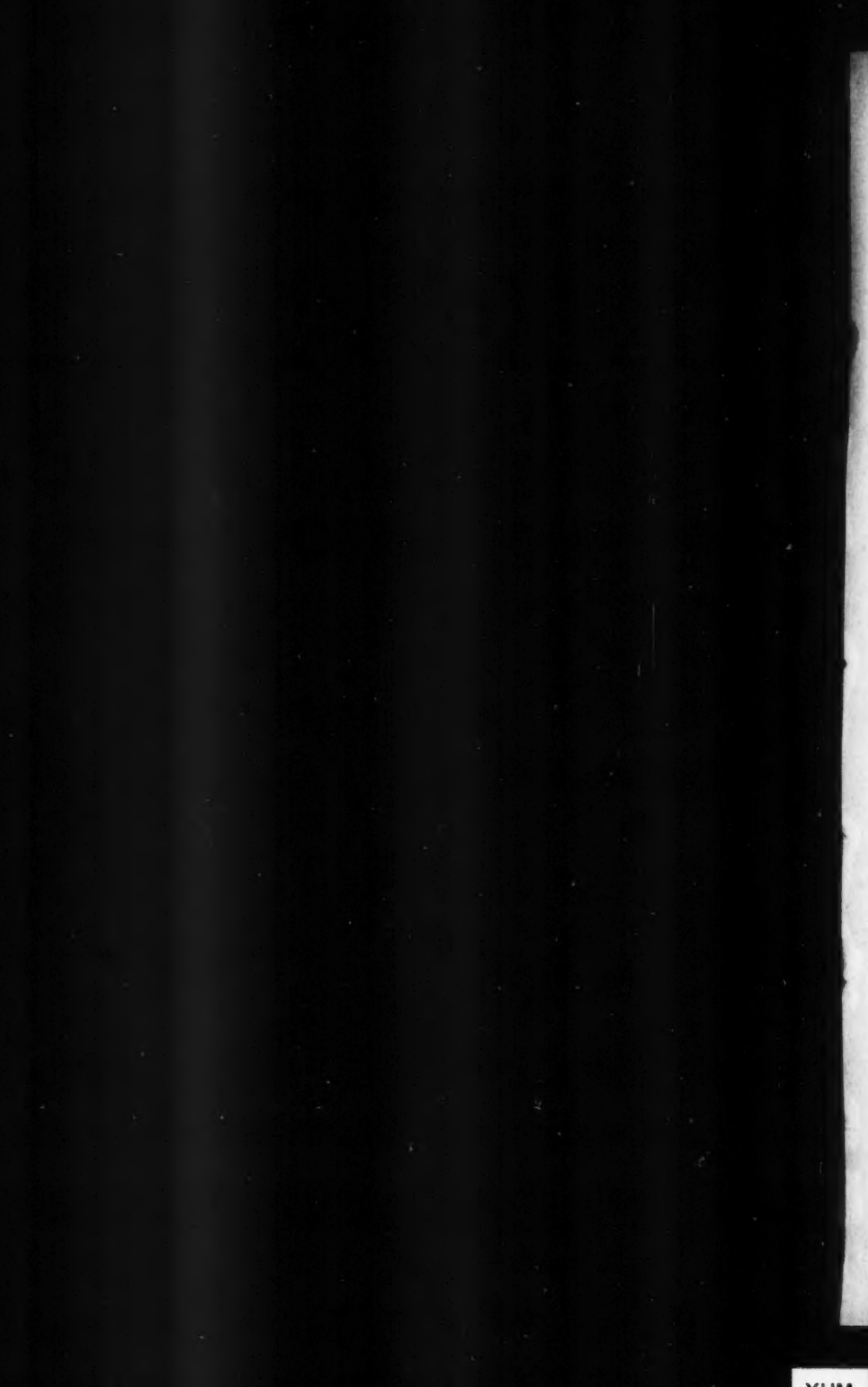
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Manchester Literary Club.

FOUNDED 1862.

The objects of the MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB are :—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the literature, art, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

The methods by which these objects are sought to be obtained are :—

1. The holding of weekly meetings, from October to April, for social intercourse, and for the hearing and discussion of papers.
2. The publication of such papers, at length or abridged, in a Magazine, entitled the *Manchester Quarterly*, as well as in an annual volume of Transactions; and of other work undertaken at the instance of the Club, including a projected series of volumes dealing with local literature.
3. The formation of a library consisting of (a) works by members, (b) books by local writers or relating to the locality, and (c) general works of reference.
4. The exhibition, as occasion offers, of pictures by artist members of the Club.

Membership of the Club is limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musical composers, members of the learned professions, and of English and foreign universities, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

The meetings are held at the Grand Hotel, Aytoun Street, every Monday evening during the Session. Each Session opens and closes with a *Conversazione*. There are also occasional Musical and Dramatic Evenings, and a Christmas Supper. During the vacation excursions are held, of which due notice is given.

W. R. CREDLAND, *Hon. Secretary.*

185, Great Cheetham Street, Higher Broughton.



From Photo. by Hy. Mayson.

JOHN CROZIER, ESQ., OF RIDDINGS.







JOHN CROZIER, OF RIDDINGS, MASTER OF
HOUNDS.

By ALBERT NICHOLSON.

A Fine Old English Gentleman, one of the Olden Time.

No broadcloth or scarlet adorn'd him,
Or buckskins that rival the snow;
But of plain "Skiddaw gray" was his raiment—
He wore it for work, not for show.

Jackson Gillbanks.

THERE are few villages in the mountain district of Cumberland less known to tourists than Threlkeld. The traveller approaching Keswick from Penrith passes by it, but may see no special interest in its grey cottages and farmsteads, for from the railway, with the steep slopes of Blencathra as an immediate background, rising to a height of nearly three thousand feet, it has a black and unattractive appearance, which is not enhanced by a large spoil heap from the now abandoned mines. If, however, you will take a stroll through the village you will find in it many quaint corners and old-fashioned gardens, and it commands a view over the mountain country that perhaps in some particulars is unrivalled. For generations Cumberland men have regarded this spot with very special interest as associated with the legend of the good Lord Clifford, for it was here in troubled times he was brought up in peace and safety, wandering over these fells as a shepherd lad, in blissful ignorance of his noble birth and vast estates. Should tradition fail, surely as long as the

literature of our language shall endure the lines of Wordsworth must keep the memory green of him

Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;
The shepherd lord was honoured more and more:
And ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

In the earlier years of the nineteenth century, Threlkeld, or "Threkit," as it is often called, again became famous amongst the dalefolks as the home of that gallant wrestler, Tom Nicholson, sharing in the glory of his name and fame in every country side from Ulverston to "Merry Carlisle," and from Melmerby-under-Crossfell to the Solway.

A veteran of the wrestling ring (its records hold his name),
Who yet in life's late autumn, was a wiry wight and strong,
Though grizzled were his elf-locks wild, and bow'd his giant frame.

These heroes of the past must now give place to one whose position as their squire and friend has placed John Crozier of Riddings above all in the regard and affection of the country side. When, on the 5th of March, 1903, he passed away full of years, there was, probably, no man so well known or so sincerely respected and beloved in

the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland as this grand old sportsman. Few men have left behind them a record of quiet usefulness, thoughtful neighbourly kindness, and help to all in trouble, that can equal that of the Old Squire of Threlkeld.

And had he not for some sixty-four years hunted the fells with his hounds, ever ready to come to the help of shepherd or "auld wife" who had suffered from the attentions of the little red rover? In his love of sport, as in so many other ways, he was the perfect ideal of a Cumberland "Statesman." He farmed his own land, was born, educated, and lived out a long and active life in the one valley, amongst those who were, some of them, his tenants, and all—rich and poor, young and old alike—his ever-welcome friends. His father, Joseph Crozier, settled in the vale about the beginning of last century, and married Ann Robinson, who came of an old Threlkeld family. His first home was at Gate Ghyll; but, later on, he bought Riddings, a small farm on the southern slope of Blencathra, from the Greenhow family, and there he went to reside. It was in this house of Riddings that his son John was born, on the 29th of September, 1822. As soon as the little fellow was able to walk so far, he went, with the rest of the children of the dale-folks, to "Priest" Wilson, who not only taught the school of St. John's in the Vale, but was incumbent of its little church. As was the custom in these valleys, where no social distinction was or is recognised, all were brought up together in perfect equality, forming life-long friendships—squire and peasant, labourer and landlord.

To his last day the old folks would speak to him and he to them by their christian name, be they rich or poor, without thought of offence on either side. At this school he met John Richardson, a man of true poetic spirit,

whose verses and prose writings have earned him an honourable name, and whose friendship, no doubt, did much to cultivate that love of poetry in John Crozier which was one of the most marked characteristics of the old Squire. His education was completed at the Green-row Grammar School, for his father would never consent to his going to college, having the idea that the university life would inevitably give him "new fangled notions" of social position utterly at variance with those in which he had been born and bred, and which the old man thought would disqualify the lad from occupying the position he desired his son should take.

A taste for good literature seems to come naturally to most of these dalesmen, and John Crozier had a small but well-selected library at Riddings, which was ever at the disposal of those about him. If anyone was laid up at home, housebound from age or illness, the Squire was certain to pop in and bring a book, a magazine, or a paper to help the invalid to pass the time away, and often from his capacious pockets he would produce some parcel which Mrs. Crozier had commissioned him to deliver for her. It has been truly said that the books a man has on his shelf are the best guide to his character.

A writer in *The Field* recently mentioned the instance of the sale of the effects of an old-fashioned west-country parson. "Now," said the auctioneer, "we come to the library; there are seventy volumes all told. Sixty-nine of them are sporting books, which look as if they had been very much read, and the seventieth is a volume of "Blair's Sermons," as good as new. How much for the seventy volumes in one lot?" This man's character needs no definition. Half-an-hour in the little library at Riddings gave you a very different idea of its owner. The well-used volumes on the shelves or lying about were

Cowper, Crabbe, Somerville, Scott, Wordsworth, or Tennyson; and often, as we talked on various subjects, an apt quotation from one of these, his favourite poets, would find its way into his homely speech. And, again, he loved Burns, and the writings of those who in prose and verse told the tale in its graphic folk-speech of "Canny auld Cumberlan." Amongst the goodly number of books on sports and the varied interests of country life, perhaps he had no greater favourites than those by his friend who wrote under the name of "The Druid."

In the pleasant pages of "Saddle and Sirloin," "Silk and Scarlet," and the rest, H. H. Dixon gives you, with inimitable grace and humour, and with the perfect knowledge of the man who has been there amongst it all, a true picture of the sports, the pleasures, and the hobbies of gentle and simple in his day, in many a part of merry England. As a Cumberland man he knew John Crozier well, and when old Nimrod had about accomplished the first half of his long span of life, as a master of hounds, the Druid wrote a wonderfully graphic account of him, his pack, and the wild mountain country he hunted over.

Like many other people in the border country he was married by the blacksmith at Gretna, but unlike many of the matches consummated there, his proved a very happy one. Mary Gill, his bonnie bride, "was" as there is written of another heroine of Cumberland:—

. . . . fresh, fewsome and free,
Wid a lilt iv her step an' a glint iv her e'e;

But good looks were not her only heritage. She had the keenest sympathy with her husband's many interests. She was proud of her house, proud of her garden, of the horses, cattle, and sheep, but proudest of her "good man." As to the hounds, as she had no family, I always thought she

treated them with the care and kindness that she would have lavished upon her children. Well I remember one occasion when I went over to the Riddings to see the squire, who was unwell. I arrived to find him almost alone, though it was early in the morning. The reason was soon told. On the previous day, though it was well on in the springtime, a hunt had been held to put down some foxes that had been making havoc amongst the lambs some miles away in the high fells. Near the close of day the hounds had run the old varmint into a bield or hole amongst the loose rocks, and the terriers had been put in, a fierce fight had ensued, and the shepherds' enemy had been vanquished, but when the little victors tried to crawl out to the light of day they found the way impassable. Their plaintive cry from within their prison made the stout-hearted, kindly dalesmen, work with a terrible will to force a way to them, but though every available means was tried night closed in, and the gallent little terriers were, as was well known, in a maimed condition, fast in the rock. A lad started off at once to carry the news to the Squire, leaving the huntsman, John Porter, and all the followers of the chase waiting for daylight to climb up to the crag again and renew their efforts. In the meantime the messenger had arrived about 4 o'clock, as the dawn was coming over Helvellyn, at Riddings. The news was at once conveyed to the Master and Mistress, and it was not many minutes before Mrs. Crozier was busy giving her orders. The Squire was too ill to leave home, but the four-wheeled dog-cart was quickly loaded with crowbars, spades, etc., and a plentiful supply of food and requisite flasks of spirits, bandages, and the things that might be needful, for it is a risky business. Then, taking the hind, who was a strong and useful man at such work, with her, she drove off. In the afternoon she returned, the rescue having been

accomplished without further mishap. The poor little terriers were a sorry sight, and had scarcely any hair on their heads, but they were nursed with every care, and when next I was at Riddings they trotted out to welcome me, two weary-looking objects, but seemingly perfectly happy and ready to tackle again the old enemy of their race. Two or three hounds, even in the summer season, were always about the yard or garden, and a visitor had generally to inspect at least one litter of puppies, and often at such times to take a tour round the neighbouring farms and to give an opinion on other small families.

If the beauty of nature has a beneficent effect on the human mind and character, surely no man was more indebted to his surroundings than John Crozier. His life had been spent in a home that in many ways was ideally perfect. The house is situated high on the southern slope of the mountain, but has ample protection from the storm in its surrounding shrubberies of holly, fir and forest trees. As you look from the window or the terraced garden of the Riddings you have before you

The narrow Valley of St. John
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.

This is flanked on its eastern side by the precipitous crags of Wanthwaite, the extreme northern buttress of the "mighty Helvellyn," and at the far end of the vale, seen against the higher part of that noble mountain, is the huge mass of rock, which it is almost impossible at this distance to believe is not the ruin of a mediæval fortress, so clearly can we see its massive towers and the arched entrance through which King Arthur rode, recalling for us all the romantic interest of the Bridal of Triermain.

Immediately below the house the river Greta, formed here by the junction of the St. John's Beck with the

Glenderamackin, enters the wooded gorge that ends in the Vale of Keswick with a background of the western mountains of the lake district, extending from Grizedale Pike to Scawfell. It is curious that if not from the garden, certainly from a point some fifty yards away the summits of the four highest mountains in the Lake Country can be seen.

In my time, at any rate, Crozier did not shoot much, but no one took a keener delight in seeing others enjoy a day amongst the partridges, and many a time has he tramped round the estate with me that I might have every advantage from his knowledge of the ground and good judgement in approaching the coveys—for the birds are generally walked up on those fell farms and hillside commons.

As a fisherman few were his equal. No doubt he would handle a rod at a very early age, and as the pool below the house was certain to hold a salmon at any time in the short season of that river, and trout are always fairly abundant, he had plenty of practice near home. But there was not a lake or river for miles round that he had not fished, and up to the last he seemed capable of any amount of fatigue to have "a day amang't trout" at such distant places as Buttermere, or Loweswater. If he heard of any sick person, young or old, who he thought would fancy a few fish, he would take down his rod, and if he had luck he would soon be at the cottage, empty his pannier, and with a joke and a laugh, bring a ray of sunshine to all around.

As behoved one who was born and bred in "Threkit," the home of so many heroes of the wrestling ring, the squire loved this north country sport. In his younger days he had taken his turn with the rest, and during his long life had seen most of the cracks of his time "try a fall," and was an excellent judge of this manly pastime. He was a

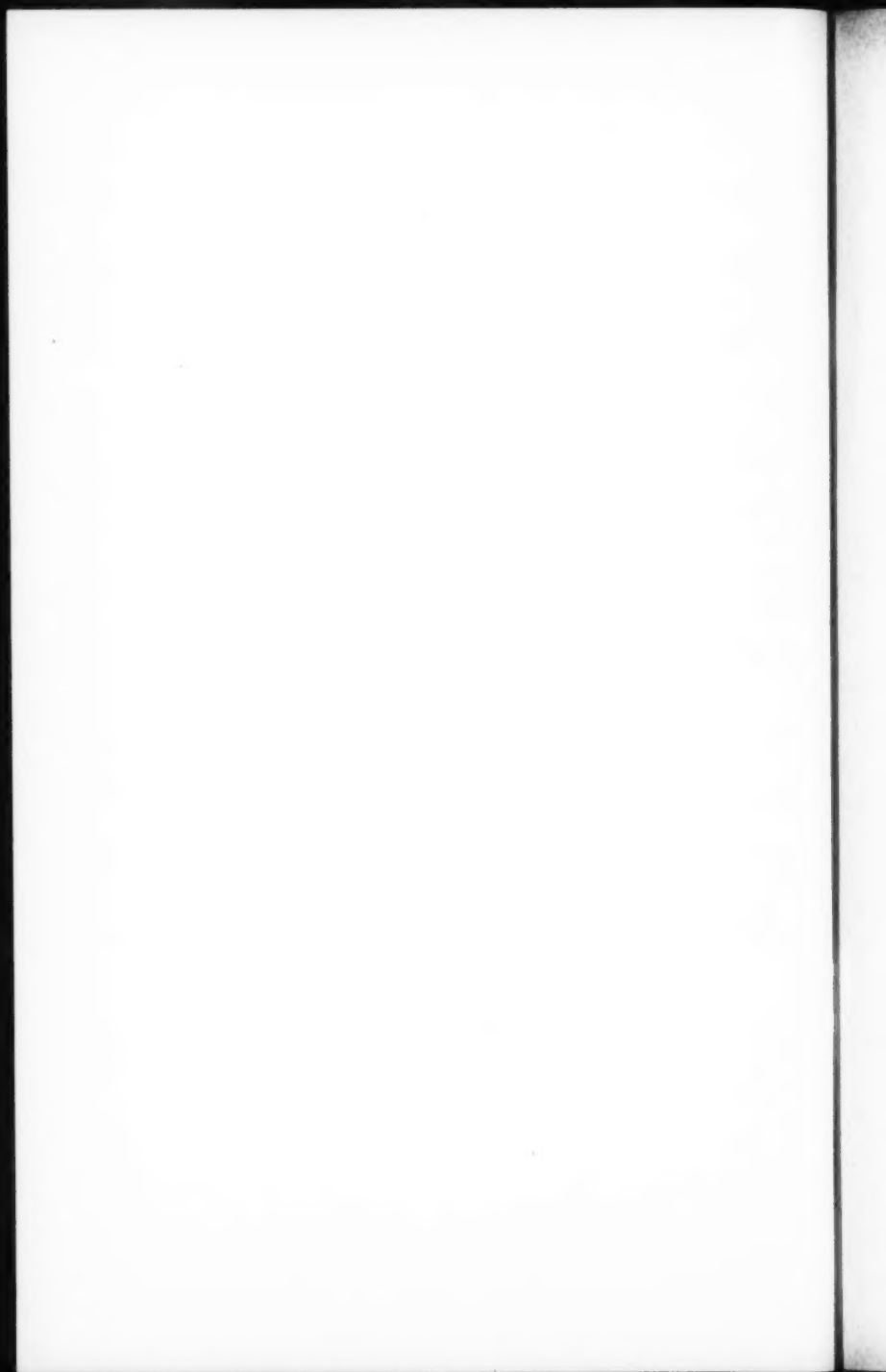






From Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

MEET OF THE BLENCATHRA HOUNDS AT RIDDINGS.



patron of the Grasmere Sports from the first, and I believe never missed a meeting till 1902. At the previous meeting he was present and took the keenest interest in both the wrestling and the hound trail. The squire's literary proclivities, as far as I am aware, never went much beyond the description of a good hunt, but he could give that with a graphic humour all his own. If he did not himself fall into verse he certainly inspired the muse in others, and to introduce you to Nimrod, the mighty hunter, here are the lines written many a year ago by his old play-fellow John Richardson.

JOHN CROZIER'S "TALLY HO."

The hunt is up, the hunt is up;
 Auld Tolly's on the drag;
 Hark to him, beauties, git away,
 He's gone for Skiddaw crag.
 Rise fra ye'r beds, ye sleepy-heads,
 If ye wad plesser know;
 Ye'r hearts 't will cheer, if ye bit hear,
 John Crozier's "Tally ho!"

Hurrah! hurrah! he's stown away;
 Through t' Forest wild he's geán:
 Sweet Music tells 'mang t' heather bells,
 What track sly reynard's teán.
 Rise fra ye'r beds, &c.

To Carrick Fell, to Carrick Fell,
 His covert theer 'ill fail;
 Unlucky day, he cannot stay,
 Blencathra's heights to scale.
 Rise fra ye'r beds, &c.

Ower Louscale Fell, by Skiddaw Man,
 An' doon by Millbeck ghyll;
 To t' Dod he's gone, his reáce is run,
 Hark! Tally ho! a kill!
 Rise fra ye'r beds, ye sleepy-heads,
 If ye wad plesser know;
 Ye'r hearts 't will cheer, if ye bit hear,
 John Crozier's "Tally ho!"

The squire's father kept a few "Huntin' Dogs," as old-fashioned dalefolks used to call them, during his residence at Gate Ghyll, and the pack known as the Thelkeld Hounds he continued to hunt after his removal to Riddings. Before his father's death, about 1839, young Crozier had taken over the management of the pack and to him, Old Joshua Fearon, the huntsman, who had been his instructor in the Royal Sport, now surrendered the horn. When Mr. Crozier ceased to carry it himself he entrusted it to Isaac Todhunter, "Lal Isaac," who hunted the pack for just a quarter of a century, in fact till death closed the record. A green coat, scarlet waistcoat, cord breeches, and a pair of boots that would have anchored many a townsman to the sod, and you have Lal Isaac. For an old man as I remember him he was a wonderful "traveller," but they said he liked to breed hounds as light coloured as possible in his later years, that he might see them better in working the fells. It was just at the end of his time that I first followed the hounds, and I must say I agreed with the administration in a change they made in the time after they had appointed John Porter as his successor, and gradually got some dark black-and-tan, as we often have to hunt fox over snow, and to mark your hounds as they cross distant mountain sides under these conditions some should be dark. "Johnny" was a capital huntsman, remarkable for the way he would stick to his hounds, and he could go at a pace up the roughest mountain side that would astonish most men on a good road. He passed away after twenty-five years' service, to be succeeded by Jim Dalton, a young, active, and very capable man, who has shown excellent sport, and who knows how, with the help of the dalesmen, to hunt his pack over this exceedingly difficult country, which requires a special knowledge of hounds' and foxes' ways, and every part of the ground you may by

any chance have to pass over. Mr. Crozier informed me that when he first took the management of the pack he had several hounds from Will. Pearson, of Brannoc, Dean, near Cockermouth, a very noted huntsman, and also some four couples of white hounds later on from Jos. Hudson, of Ullock. The white ones old Jos. Fearon said had small eyelashes and strained back to Pearson's dogs. So the squire considered that in its early days the pack owed much to this blood.

My old friend, Mr. Thomas Mayson, of Keswick, whose keenness and judgment in this mountain sport have in my time never been excelled, has been a life-long follower of the Blencathra, knowing every dog that has run with them since he was a lad. He tells me his uncle, John Mayson, kept a pack at Keswick about a century ago, which was hunted by Fleming, who is described as a remarkably fine-looking tall man with a voice like thunder. Undoubtedly, he says, some of Crozier's hounds would strain back to this Keswick pack and to one afterwards kept by Mr. Slack, at Derwent Hill.

About thirty years ago, if my memory serves me, Mr. Crozier had a rather dark-coloured dog lent him, which came from South America, and was said to be a pure blood-hound, yet it was in appearance in many points like a small-sized ordinary fox-hound, but with large ears. He was sire to a black-and-tan bitch Luna, and to other hounds of dark colour and deep note that proved very useful in speaking to a cold scent. Luna was the model of a mountain hound, perhaps small as compared with the drafts we got from lowland masters—Lord Leconfield and others,—but neatly built, light, active, and with perfect muscular development, as good at a view, and a race over the grass, as she was in letting you know that the "sly one" had been about.

The group of mountains lying north of the Vale of Threlkeld and separated from the highland of the Lake District by this valley, have at their western extremity Skiddaw rising to a height of 3,000 feet. Blencathra towering over the master's home at the south, with its precipitous face and rapid slope to the river below the Riddings, and as an eastern flank, the rough fell of Carrook looking across a broad valley to the distant heights of Crossfell and the Pennine Range. To the north this isolated, high, and uninhabited tract of wild moorland, generally called Skiddaw Forest, ends in the Caldbeck Fells, where nature assumes a more genial aspect. Low green hills and grassy holmes, lead on to the Solway. This high, wild plateau, was a part, and perhaps the favourite one, of the squire's country. From the mountain above Caldbeck, looking north and east, on a clear day, you may see the happy hunting ground "From Low Denton Holme up to Scratchmere Scar," where that great hero of the chase John Peel, and his followers, "strove for the brush in a morning." In his younger days John Crozier had been out with Peel, who nearly always, it must be remembered, rode to hounds, and also occasionally their packs ran together when the Blencathra was hunting this part of their domain.

Briton was a favourite hound with John Peel, and when the old man died and his pack was broken up, young John sent the little black-and-tan to Mr Crozier, who was very proud to have it for the old Nimrod's sake. Trail hunting has always been a very popular sport in the north of England, and though the squire did not allow hounds running with his pack to be used in this way there is no doubt that dogs carefully bred and trained to win at that game have afterwards come to his hands and proved most valuable additions to the Blencathra.

It is very difficult to exactly define what ought to be the ideal of a mountain fox-hound. The Blencathra Pack has had animals running in it of considerable variety in size and quality. At one period a type such as we can best describe as that of the old Lancashire Harrier was the fashion. Some would call it a light built fox-hound, but distinctly smaller than those used in the shires. These hounds are swift, good stayers, and nimble, and small enough to follow the fox through almost any crag or on to any "bink" where he may seek safety. Some large-limbed heavier hounds, I must own, have done remarkably well, but I think we may safely say we find in man or beast, weight tells in travelling these steep fell sides. Years ago there were some most perfect small sized fox-hounds to be seen amongst the winners at trail hunts. Several that came out of Langdale, for instance, would, from their shapely beauty, have been a prize for any mountain pack, and they were as clever as they looked. Since then, in every trail hunt I have seen, there were foxhounds running of some variety in size, but all showing evidence of careful breeding and of that skill and attention in their training which marks well the value their owners put upon them. I am sorry to say that in some recent contests dogs of a very cross-bred appearance were entered. Out of the 29 that ran in the trail at Grasmere Sports in August, 1905, there were comparatively few a master of hounds would have cared to take over. Several, and amongst them some that proved good at the trail were more like lurchers than fox-hounds. They might please a poacher but no self-respecting huntsman would have them at his heel.

In hunting the fox in this sort of country it is necessary to have a few terriers always at hand, or the enemy would often get into "bealds" amongst the rocks from which no hound could oust him. They are a hardy, rough-haired,

tough sort, and often succeed in killing a fox twice their size if he will not bolt. The mountain district above mentioned, the Vale of St. John, with the Helvellyn range to the Raise, Thirlmere, the Vales of Keswick, Borrowdale, Newlands and Wythop, form the Blencathra country, and over such ground it requires a stout heart, and a good pluck, in hounds, terriers, and followers of the chase, or few foxes would be accounted for. It must be remembered, too, that the hunting is done entirely on foot, often in hard frost, or when rain, snow, or bitterly cold winds sweep over these wild fells, and I have been out when, owing to the intense cold, the dogs were practically unable to work as they could not take up the drag owing as the men said to their noses being frozen. I can only say that I felt that with my whiskers and hair frozen hard in one mass of ice to my velvet coat, and an idea that ~~my~~ ears had both dropped off frozen, a change of climate would not be amiss. To get temporary relief we often lay flat down on the lee side of a big stone or in the heather, and soon one was aglow with the returning circulation.

Mr. Crozier told me that when he first hunted the pack foxes were not so plentiful as now, twelve couple being a good record for a season, but he wrote to me on January 21, 1889: "The Blencathra Hounds have had a capital season so far. Foxes turned out the most numerous that I can remember, they have already accounted for twelve brace," and in recent years 25 to 30 brace, or even more, besides a large number of cubs, have been killed and gathered in one season. It was his opinion that the preservation of foxes in the lower country, hunted by the Cumberland Hounds, had caused the great increase in numbers. I well remember the killing behind Longscale Crag, after a fine run over Skiddaw, of a small fox with a red coat and very black points, that he said came from an Irish strain, imported

and let loose in Wythop Woods by a gentleman he knew in the low country. On the same day and near the same spot the pack made an end of a fine fellow, one of the old type of greyhound foxes, long limbed, greycoated, and with a grand bush. It was, I believe, a Skiddaw racer of this kind that Mr. Jackson Gillbanks, of Whitefield, described as "fierce as a tiger, and long as a hay band, and with an amiable cast of features very like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is very bad to kill 'top o't ground,' and still worse when he gets into a burn."

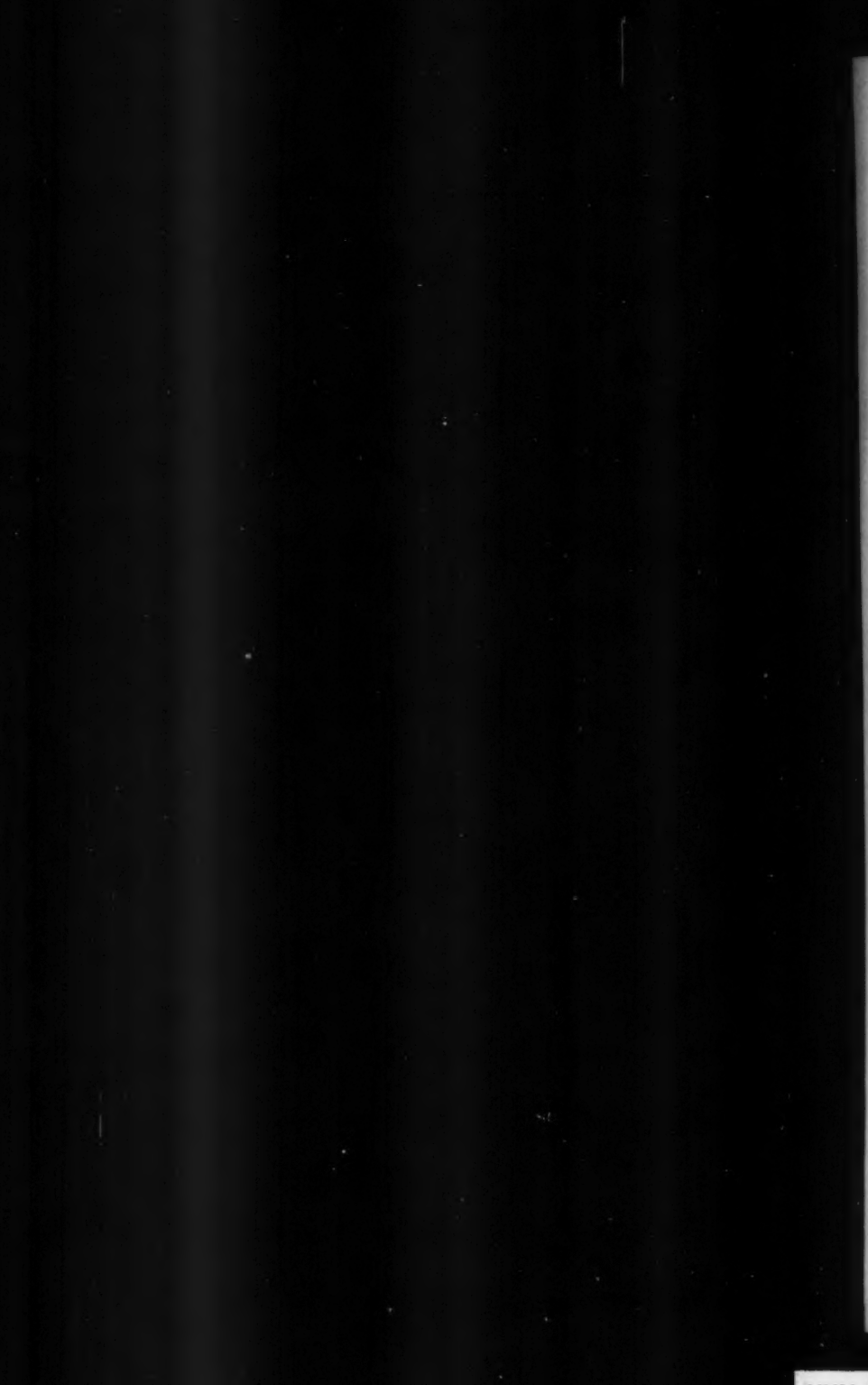
When first I remember the Cumberland Hunt it was under the guidance of an Honourable Baronet, who showed some capital sport. They were a keen lot of fearless riders, and many of their best gallops ended at the foot of the mountains.

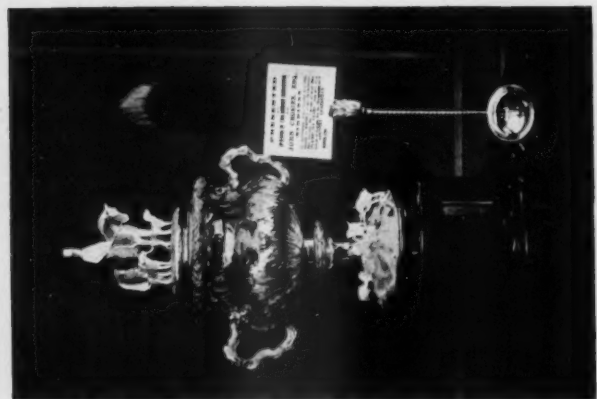
Like thunderbolts, across the plain
They furious sweep away;
One horseman many lengths ahead:
Sir Wilfrid leads the way.

At the present time two packs of foxhounds hunt North Cumberland, and by various packs from every side foxes are driven to the mountains. Had it not been for the increasing energy and skill with which Mr. Crozier and his stalwart dalesmen and many others met this invasion, the shepherds' enemy would have made fearful mischief amongst the flocks. It is often necessary for the huntsman to get a few hounds together in the late spring or even early summer and go to the aid of the farmer. Extermination is in these instances the only remedy for one of these cunning old scoundrels that has taken to lamb worrying.

The squire has never had any difficulty in getting hounds walked by the farmers and others. So kind were their wives and daughters to their charges, vieing with

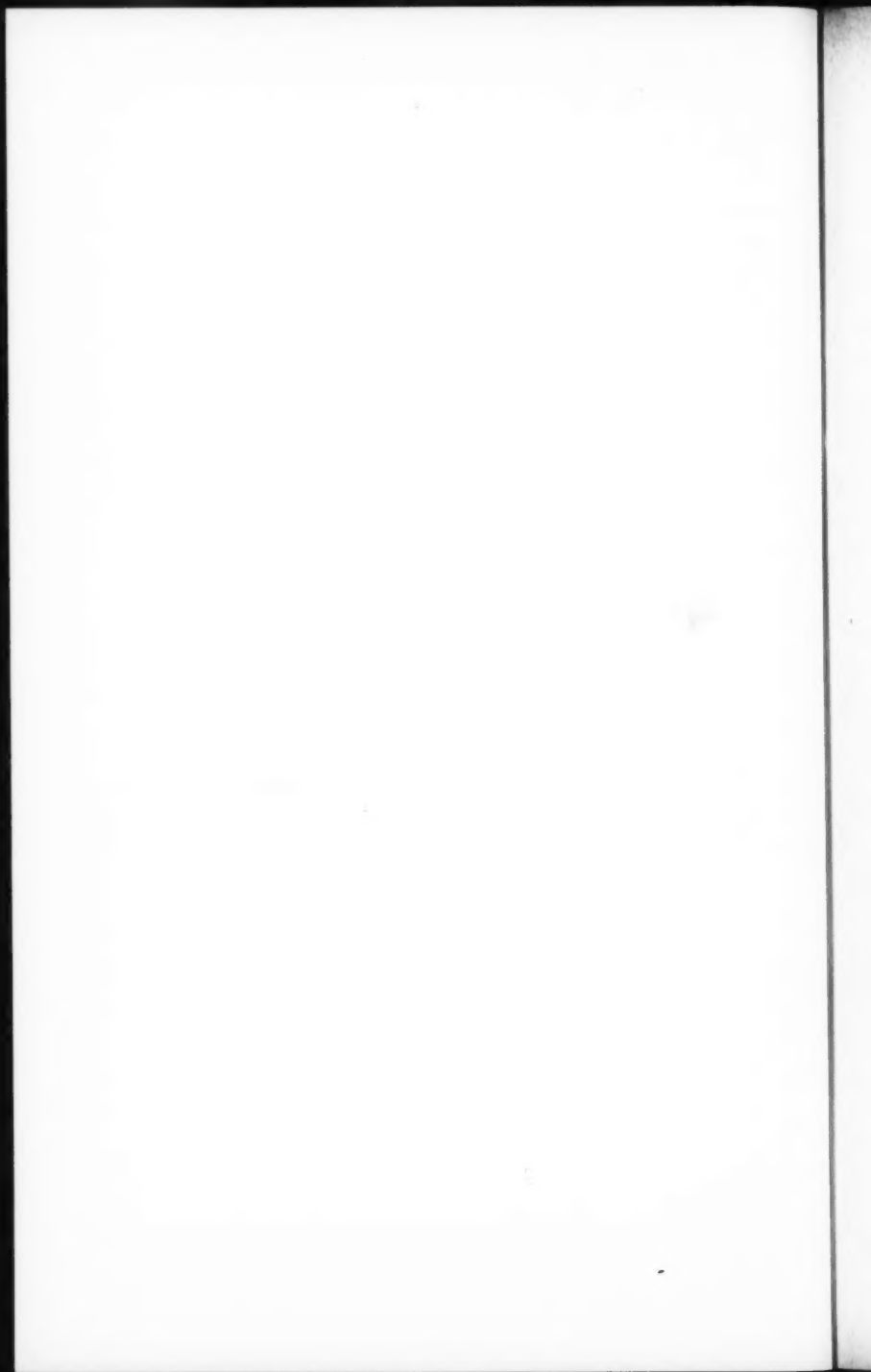
each other as to who should send them to Riddings in the autumn in the best condition, that when the first hunt took place they were, as the squire said, far too fat to get near a fox's brush. Till recent years we may say of John Crozier as Mr. Jackson Gillbanks wrote of John Peel, that "except on great days he followed the old style of hunting—that is, turning out before daylight, often at 5 or 6 o'clock, and hunting his fox by the drag . . ." Years ago there were fewer foxes, and there was not the necessity there now is to keep them down, and it was the squire's practice when first the pack began to run in autumn, to hunt hare and get the dogs into condition, and as the squire put it to me, "It gives the old fellows a chance, for they're terrible keen hunters." It was the rule in my time in hunting hare to never give the hounds any help, they had to learn to find and follow, we simply looked on. This made them rely on themselves when they were after the great enemy on the mountain. If the hounds happened to come on the drag of a fox away they went, and we had a hunt, but it was usually about Christmas time before they reckoned to try for the big game, and then the first meet was Barf, which in those days Mr. Crozier considered the "smittle spot" for foxes. In later years Skiddaw was a surer find, and now you may come across two or three in a day in any part of the country. Now and then deer get out on the fells, and as they soon become very wild, and do considerable mischief, word is sent to the Riddings and a hunt is arranged. About twenty-five years ago the squire wrote me that they were going to try for one that was on Helvellyn, but I was not able to be present. It was a day or two before they found the stag, but at last they came upon it at the top of Walla Crag above Derwentwater, and after a long and exciting chase, he was killed by a curious chance in a small field directly in front of Riddings. The foot was





Testimonial presented in 1866 to John Crozier, Esq., Master of the Blencathra Hounds, by 200 Cumberland and Westmoreland men.

PORTRAITS OF MR. AND MRS. CROZIER, FROM A PHOTO. TAKEN IN 1869.



presented to me when I went down at Christmas, and is the stock of the whip which I have carried over many a mile of mountain, and by many a river side hunting fox or otter, and with it I have whipped in for several of the most notable masters of otter hounds of my time.

The sweetmart is also occasionally met with, but it is a very difficult animal to kill with hounds, as it is able to get up the face of high rocks and crags to places where neither hound nor terrier can follow. In the days when Todhunter carried the horn there was a good hound he had great reliance on in quest for fox, but if it got on the trail of a mart it would turn tail, and have nothing to do with it, and old Isaac would say quietly: "It's a mart," and often whipped off. I have been out only once when we were at all certain we had a mart before us, and that we lost in Falcon Crag, near Thirlmere, but often when following the hounds over Skiddaw in winter time, I have seen the print of the animal in the snow. The old squire was always anxious the mart should not be exterminated, and that same sympathy you will find amongst the hunters to-day for this interesting creature. Occasionally one gets into the keeper's trap set for the mart's relative the stoat, but in the large woodlands that now abound in the Lake District, he has a safe home well suited to his shy habits.

There is a tradition amongst the old hunters of these fells that there was formerly a race of great grey foxes even larger and far fleetier than those we style the greyhound fox in these days. Mr. Mayson tells me his father was in at the death of what he regarded as the last of these giants. It was killed at Bowder Stone in Borrowdale, and weighed 29 lbs. They are said to have been able to easily outpace the hounds of those days, and that the only way of having a successful hunt was to have a couple of dogs on each top or likely place, and then when one of these great

fellows got on the move they slipped them at view when their chance came, and so raced them down with fresh hounds, even then seldom having any success.

Some recent writers about these hounds have instanced a long run they had in 1858, finding on Skiddaw, about mid-day, a grand fox that took them eventually such a chase that all trace of the pack was lost in darkness, and the hounds were found next morning at Conistone—the fox dead, the pack resting quietly round him.

They seem to think that this could not be done by hounds in our day. This is an entire mistake. In my opinion hounds and hunters are as keen and fit as ever, and the foxes are as good a sort. Many of these fine grey-coated animals have been viewed, and some killed in the past seasons, and if I may relate a personal experience, it happens to have been my most recent one of mountain fox hunting. I may state that I started from a friend's house with the Eskdale hounds about 7-30 soon after dawn (a degenerate sort of time; I am perhaps old-fashioned, but like to be off before daylight), and we were out till dark, having travelled over the Calder and Ennerdale fells. Eventually the hounds ran their fox to the crags over Wasdale, where they were heard on the mountain above the Inn, in full cry, and probably killed the fox between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. It took three days to collect the scattered remnant of the pack. Old Tommy Dobson, aged 83 years, started with us and went a long way over the mountains, and only returned as the day closed in.

Perhaps one of the secrets of John Crozier's popularity was his sympathy with those around him, his real interest in their toils and pleasures. That he was an excellent judge of sheep and cattle was a great bond of union with the older folk of both sexes, and over the young can you have any doubt as to his influence when I state that he

would never miss a chance of giving them a pleasant time. If there was to be a circus at Keswick he would stroll quietly down to the schoolmaster's house during the week and arrange that he and his wife should take all the lads and lasses under their care to see the fun. Then the squire and his buxom wife would be there also, sitting in the midst of this enthusiastic crowd, and I thoroughly believe they were the happiest of the jovial crew. There is just one thing about his character that no doubt did much also to earn a thorough respect from all who knew him. He had a most cordial disapproval of anything being said of an ill-natured sort about absent ones, and when this was persisted in, he would say in a short testy way: "There, there, enough, let that hare sit," and it *was* enough, for all knew the squire could let them have the rough side of his tongue if they crossed him where he ruled.

On two occasions handsome presentations of plate have been made to him, recording in their inscriptions the appreciation of his many friends. How sincere and universal was the love of him was shown by the great sorrow that found expression when on the 5th of March, 1903, the sad news came that the old statesman squire had passed away.

When the morning of the funeral broke with a terribly wild storm of drenching rain, I really think these dear, old-world, superstitious, good folks thought in their hearts it was all in the fitness of things: "happy is the corpse the rain falls on."

It had been intended to "bear him" from Riddings to the church, and the stalwart dalesmen who were to have the honour were even selected, but those who had the arrangements in hand determined that a hearse should be sent for from Keswick, as there might be no abatement in the storm. Then came a difficulty. Every horse

was engaged to drive people to the funeral, and it was only after great trouble that matters were arranged. Every road to the village was thronged with people—men and women,—many of whom had walked for miles along exposed roads and over the bleak moorlands in this awful weather. The idea of “bearing” him was abandoned, and the sad procession proceeded from the quiet old home he loved so well down to the village, through lines of sorrowing people standing there heedless of the drenching rain. On the coffin were placed his hunting cap, the horn I gave the hunt many a year ago, and his good oak staff. The impressive scene inside the little church is difficult to describe. Every seat was occupied, and the tall yeomen stood shoulder to shoulder down either side of every aisle, yet many had to remain outside in the storm. The service and address were in perfect accord with the solemnity of the occasion. No words of mine can adequately convey the effect of the singing. One sweet voice was heard leading, but it seemed as if everyone there had been trained to give a perfect effect to this power of music, and its fascination, which found a response in the hearts of all. This culminated in the final scene when we stood round the grave, and amidst the roar of the storm in the mighty hills as its accompaniment, there rose up the grand old hymn “Oh God our help in ages past,” and in that peaceful spot where ten years before, almost to a day, they had laid his dear wife, he now rested.

The name and fame of the squire will live in the words of the poet he loved to quote:—

Still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long.

but no tribute will do more to keep his memory green than the fine lines of my friend Canon Rawnsley:—

We shall never hear again,
On the fell or in the plain,
John Crozier's "Tally ho!"
Never see him through the rain
And the sun, with might and main,
Follow on from crag to crag, while the hounds give
tongue below.

Dark the valley east and west,
Clouds are on Blencathra's crest,
The hunter home has gone:
And the Squire they loved the best
Now is carried to his rest—
Eighty years has Death the huntsman followed hard
—the chase is done.

But I think I see him stand—
Rough mountain-staff in hand,
Fur cap and coat of grey—
With a smile for all the band
Of the sportsmen in the land,
And a word for all the merry men who loved his
"Hark-away!"

Last hunter of your race!
As we bear you to your place
We forget the hounds and horn;
But the tears are on our face,
For we mind your deeds of grace
Loving kindness, late and early, shown to all the
village-born.





WILLIAM CANTON AND THE CHILDREN AND
DREAM-CHILDREN OF HIS BOOKS.

By S. BRADBURY.

SOME twenty-five years ago a bundle of old Glasgow newspapers—dating back to, or even earlier than, 1870—came into my hands. In their columns of original verse there was a number of poems, all by the same writer, which at once took my fancy. I had just read Keats for the first time, and in these poems I found what seemed to me an echo of his fine music. I can yet recall my joy in the opening lines of one of them:—

The lights are quenched in Asgard! Thor is dead! . .
The golden palace in the utmost East
Hath crumbled to a myth, and Igdrasil,
Whose roots were watered by the Queens of Fate,
Whose roots struck down to Hell, whose roots were twined
With the great earth-roots and whose boughs made wind
Among the stars in regions ultimate
Hath fallen

All these poems were cut out, and, with the exception of one which has by some mischance become lost, are still preserved. Many years later I learned from the author himself that they were fragments of a great unfinished epic, and was further told that "these immortal poems were never rescued from the waste! For I doubt," he adds, "whether any of them exist at all now, though some odd 'proof' may still be in existence among old MSS. and letters. In a fit of disgust and depression I consigned a

huge bundle to the fire many years ago—all, indeed, that I could lay my hands on at the moment." In a later letter, when I had been trying to find out if amongst his "odd proofs" there chanced to be one of the poem—that from which I have quoted, from memory, a few lines—which I had lost, he writes: "'The Lights in Asgard' have been put out beyond all rekindling. There is not a copy to be found. The only thing connected with that dimly-conceived epic of the north is some stuff about a wreck locked in ice in the palæocrystic sea with antique corpses (well preserved) on board. . . . In a way I am sorry about 'Asgard,' in another way I am well pleased. It will be a marvellous poem as you half remember it, much better than the actual verses you read. Nobody will be able to say, 'Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all? And I can't remember how it went except—

The lights are quenched in Asgard. Thor is dead.
And Odin dead

And a long way down there was some description of the Ash Igdrasil 'whose roots went down to hell, whose roots were twined' with something, and whose branches stretched so far that a wild horse would have taken (an exaggerated number of) years to race out of their shadow! *Ainsi sort-il.*"

"Very odd," he says in another letter, "I had lost all memory of the 'Cathedral Vaults,' and even now recollect not a scrap. It and 'Asgard' and the 'Wreck' all belonged to some appalling North Star epic scheme—about what Heaven knows! I could not have believed it possible to forget so much; but I see I had forgotten that in '73 I was offered a post at Sierra Leone at £400 a year. What kind of post 'I d'know,' as Winifred used to say. Head fetich, possibly!"

"You are right. Those lines have a 'sort of a kind' of Keatsy suggestion; but how many—look at Venus and Jupiter to-night; they seem tolerably near—but how many millions of miles they are apart! I should fancy there is nothing in the 'Cathedral Vaults' in any way comparable to the 'freezing' of the 'sculptured dead.' I wish there were. As a matter of fact Keats never was a favourite of mine, and at that time I doubt if I cared at all for anything outside the 'Grecian Urn' and the 'Nightingale.' No, anything at all suggestive of Keats came to me through Tennyson, who was an overwhelming favourite, and there may have been a certain French influence at work through Hugo. 'Velvet darkness' looks suspiciously Gallic. . . ."

So much for Mr. Canton's early and ungarnered verse—verse that, in spite of its author's disparagement and neglect, contains many a fine thought and haunting phrase and melodious line—verse that might, I must still think, have made the reputation of a lesser man. His first book, a prose story, "The Shining Waif," written in 1872, but not published until seven years later, has for its sub-title "The Story of a Child's Passion," and shows already the direction in which his sympathies will later take him. The date of its writing is but a little later than that of the poems, and though it has much of their richness and fancifulness, the writer yet lacks that command and discretion in the exercise of his art, the discernment, the insight, and the grip of facts which come from training and experience and make for the conviction and pleasure of his readers.

Eight years later, that is to say, in 1887, appeared his first volume of verse, "The Lost Epic," and it would be possible, I think, to arrange with approximate accuracy the various poems which it contains according to what

period—beginning, middle or end—of those eight years they were written in. Certain of the poems are in Mr. Canton's own inimitable style, as seen in his later books, but throughout the advance in technique, in method, in the faculty of handling his theme in a concise, connected, yet vivid and poetical manner, is unmistakable. There are traces in plenty of that Tennysonian influence to which he has alluded, lines and phrases that read like unconscious imitations of Keats and Swinburne, and verse where one is in doubt whether the science or the poetry is the truer.

As an illustration of the difference in his style one may compare the poet as he pictures him in one of those early poems which he did not think worth "rescuing from the waste":—

Where rings of splendid faces shine
About the poet, as he stands
Sweeping from golden chords divine
Weird music with impassioned hands;

While, flashing dark extatic eyes,
He fashions into burning rhyme
Dreams beautiful and strange and wise
Of fate and gods and death and time. . . .

Oh! Myrrha, truth the poet sings
And not unsweetly sings, forsooth;
His rhymes, like wrist and ankle rings,
Chime on the splendid shape of Truth!—

with the "New Poet" as he pourtrays him here:—

I write. He sits beside my chair
And scribbles too in hushed delight;
He dips his pen in charmed air;
What is it he pretends to write?

He toils and toils; the paper gives
No clue to aught he thinks. What then?
His little heart is glad; he lives
The poems that he cannot pen.

Strange fancies throng that baby brain.
 What grave sweet looks! What earnest eyes!
 He stops—reflects—and now again
 His unrecording pen he plies.

It seems a satire on myself—
 These dreamy nothings scrawled in air,
 This thought, this work! Oh, tricky elf,
 Wouldst drive thy father to despair! . . .

Like him I strive, in hope my rhymes
 May keep my name a little while—
 O child, who knows how many times
 We two have made the angels smile!

For many years past, however, Mr. Canton has been best known as a writer of delightful books for and about children, and I purpose to devote the rest of this paper to a consideration, inadequate as it must be, of this phase of his art. Most of the poems, even in this early volume, treat in some way the subject of childhood, either as the sole theme or introduced to enhance the effect which he seeks to obtain. The first, which gives title to the volume, the "Death of Anaxagoras," "The God and the Schoolboy," and "The Great World" may be specially mentioned as illustrative of this; whilst in that powerful piece of imaginative writing, "John Calvin's Dream," one is most impressed by the simple pathos of the appeal to the childhood memories of Christ the Man:—

Remember me, Christ, for I stood at Thy knee
 When the children were suffered to come unto Thee!"

"He forgets how we played," said a low sobbing breath,
 "In the streets by the fountain at Nazareth!"

"The Invisible Playmate" was published in 1894, and quickly went through several editions. This is not to be wondered at, for the story of a child's short life as told

here by her father is a masterpiece of truth, of feeling, and of literary art. Simply and tenderly, in the familiar language of friend speaking to friend the tale is told; deep, idolizing affection, now whimsical or half-apologetic, anon proud and jealous, is revealed in every phrase. One comes at last to the incredibly weird close—stopping, in sudden bewilderment, as on the brink of some strange dim unplumbed abyss—and so remains, like the father himself, after that “one glimpse of the Unseen . . . at gaze, stunned with amazement.”

With this book Mr. Canton makes it clear that he has entered at last into his kingdom—the heart of a little child. From hence there is no diffidence in his art, no fear of misuse of the power that has passed into his hands, whenever he chooses to put aside other tasks, to betake him into the wonder-world of childhood and tell us of the peculiar ways of its people. He writes of it and of them with a rare sympathetic insight, as one to whom mystery has become plain matter-of-fact. Quaint and delicate fancies he has in plenty, but they are no mere rhetorical conceits; they are fancies which he can share with any child or with any parent as the case may be; born of the facts, explaining them, idealizing them. He sees and knows and loves; and he has the blessed gift of imagination. “The golden bridge between the world of childhood and the world of maturity,” he says in one of his later books, “is a sympathetic imagination.” His art is original, natural, spontaneous; with never a hint of straining after effect. He simply takes the child's point of view and writes as he sees from it—and writes as a master of words.

Mindful of a passage in one of his letters to me—“Let me rebuke you, first and foremost, for ‘dipping’ into the ‘Invisible Playmate.’ It ought to be read in sequence if

it is to be got hold of properly, for being a record of child-life the gradual development of the child-mind is otherwise lost."—I shall content myself with one or two extracts only to show the style and charm of this little study of childhood, with its limpid flow of words—rippled, at times, by the play of a sunny humour, with an undercurrent of passion and little side-eddies around unexpected fancies in its course—which carries the reader on until he finds that, unaware, he has half-crossed the boundary between the Actual and the Unknown: one momentary glimpse and then a blank; imagination, even, is blind to what lies beyond.

You are very good to take so much interest in the Heiress of the Ages. We have experienced some of the ordinary troubles—and let me gravely assure you that this is the single point in which she does resemble other children—but she is well at present and growing visibly. The Norse god who heard the growing of the grass and of the wool on the sheep's back would have been stunned with the *tintamarre* of her development.

Thereto she noticeth As the human mind is the one reality amid phenomena, this young person is really establishing and giving permanence to certain bits of creation. To this extent the universe is the more solid on her account.

Nor are her virtue and excellency confined to noticing; she positively radiates. Where she is that is the sunny side of the house. I am no longer surprised at the folk-belief about the passing of a maiden making the fields fertile. I observe that in the sheltered places where she is taken for an airing the temperature is the more genial, the trees are in greener leaf, and the red half of the apple is that nearest the road. . . .

Accept for future use this shrewd discovery from my experience. When a baby is restless and fretful *hold its hands*. That steadies it. It is not used to the speed at which the earth revolves and the solar system whirls towards the starry aspect of Hercules. . . . The gigantic paternal hands close round the warm, tiny, twitching fists, soft as grass and strong as the everlasting hills. . . .

Later the proud father writes:

We have had our first walk in the dark—a dark crowded with stars. She had never seen it before. It perplexed her, I think, for she stood and looked and said nothing. But it did not frighten her in the least.

I want her to have some one marvellous thing impressed on her memory—some one ineffable recollection of childhood; and it is to be the darkness associated with shining stars and a safe feeling that her father took her out into it. This is to last all through her life—till the “great dark” comes; so that when it does come it shall be with an old familiar sense of fatherhood and starlight. . . .

When she did speak—fluently at last—it was to suppose that a good many pipes were being lit up in the celestial spaces! This was both prosy and impossible, yet what could I say? Ah, well! some day she shall learn that the stars are not vestas, and that the dark is only the planetary shadow of a great rock in a blue and weary land—though little cause have I now of all men to call it weary! Has that notion of the shadow ever occurred to you? . . .

But to return to Pinaforifera. Thinking these stars but vestas for the lighting of pipes, what must she do but try to blow them out, as she blows out her dad’s! I checked that at once, for i’ faith this young person’s powers are too miraculous to allow of any trifling with the stellar systems. . . .

In several subsequent letters he refers to the growth and the charming ways of the . . . “quadrumanous angel,” the “bishop” (from an odd resemblance in the pose of the head to the late Bishop of Manchester). One passage must be given:—

What droll little brains these children have! In Struwpeter, as probably you are aware, naughty Frederick hurts his leg and has to be put to bed; and

The doctor came and shook his head,
And gave him nasty physic too.

This evening, as baby was prancing about in her night-dress, her mother told her she would catch cold, and then she would be ill and would have to be put to bed. “And will the doctor come and shook my head?” she asked eagerly. Of course we laughed outright; but the young

person was right for all that. If the doctor was to do any good it could not conceivably be by shaking his own head!

The reasons for including in the same volume the "Rhymes" and the two prose pieces which follow are mentioned in certain earlier passages in the "Invisible Playmate." The first of these two pieces—"An Unknown Child-Poem"—is one of the most charming and realistic essays in "make-believe" imaginable. It is thus referred to in one of the said passages:—

Oh, man, man, what wonderful creatures these bairnies are! Did it ever occur to you that they must be the majority of the human race? . . . I have been thinking of this swarming of the miniature people, all over the globe, during the last few days. Could one but make a poem of that! I tried—and failed. . . . But I did the next best thing—conceived an *Unknown German Child-Poem*, and—what think you?—reviewed it.

And there is certainly nothing lacking, in the way of data and detail, to persuade one—had we not the author's warning to the contrary—that the "aged worker in leather and verse" and his "scarecrow of a duodecimo" are real—as real as the ideas and sentiments set out in this fanciful but happy fashion. After a description of the "wretched little volume . . . labelled *Gedichte* . . . with its worn-out village printer's type and its dingy paper-bag pages" we are told:

The poem opens with a wonderful vision of childhood; delightful as it is unexpected; as romantic in presentment as it is common-place in fact. All over the world—and all under it, too, when their time comes—the children are trooping to school. The great globe swings round out of the dark into the sun; there is always morning somewhere; and for ever in this shifting region of the morning-light the good Altegens sees the little ones afoot—shining com-

panies and groups, couples and bright solitary figures, for they all seem to have a soft heavenly light about them!

He sees them in country lanes and rustic villages; on lonely moorlands where narrow brown foot-tracks thread the expanse of green waste . . . in the woods, on the stepping-stones that cross the brook in the glen, along the sea-cliffs and on the wet ribbed sands . . . he sees them in the crowded streets of smoky cities, in small rocky islands, in places far inland where the sea is known only as a strange tradition.

The morning-side of the planet is alive with them; one hears their pattering footsteps everywhere. And as the vast continents sweep "eastering out of the high shadow which reaches beyond the moon" . . . and as new nations with *their* fields, woods, mountains, and seashores, rise up into the morning-side, lo! fresh troops, and still fresh troops, and yet again fresh troops of "these small school-going people of the dawn."

And as he brings the "Erster Schulgang" to a close

a little abruptly, perhaps . . . the simple poet flies off at a tangent from his theme, and muses to his own heart:

"And we, too, are children; this our first long day at school. Oh, gentle hand, be fain for us when we come home at eventide; question us tenderly, Thou good Father, Thou ancient One of days."

The most striking perhaps of the new poems in "The Comrade" (1902) is the first, from which I quote two stanzas:—

Strange ghostly voices, when the dusk is falling,
Come from the ancient years; and I remember
The schoolboy shout from plain and wood and river,
The signal-cry of scattered comrades, calling
"Home! home! home!"

And home we wended when the dusk was falling,
The pledged companions, talking, laughing, singing;
Home through the grey French country, no one missing.
And now I hear the old-time voices calling
"Home! home! home!"

And the beautiful lines at the close of "Easter Dawn" seem like the echo of a great sorrow, changed, as it returns to remembrance, into sweet music:—

O risen Lord, by Thy transpierced heart,
And by the dawn of that first Easter day,
The winding-sheet, the face-cloth laid apart,
The grave-stone rolled away,

I pray Thee, in the darkness where I lie—
Not for a vision in the morning sun,
Not for a word that I may know him by—
(Not know my little one!)

But only this, this only of Thy grace,
O risen Lord, this little thing alone—
Show me his grave quite empty, Lord, and place
An Angel on the stone.

A little volume of "Children's Sayings" had preceded "The Comrades" by two years, full of good things—humorous, fanciful, incongruous, pathetic by turns. I have but space, however, to quote a few characteristic passages from the charming introduction, which touches, amongst other matters, upon the "tradition of the child" as it has been handed down through the ages:—

East and West tradition is the same: they have ever been a race of plaguey, adorable, impish, angelic, indistinguishable, unique little creatures; radiant as the dawn, changeable as April; the dewy flower of humanity. . . .

Strangely modified by the casuistry of the Christian theologians, the tradition of the Child spread throughout Europe. Every now and then, in the musty old chronicles written in crabbed Latin, one comes across a beautiful passage which looks as if a flower, pressed between the leaves half-a-dozen centuries ago, had been changed into words and made itself a place in the text. . . .

The unfolding of the fresh unsullied bud of a child's mind is one of the redeeming graces of our time-worn old world. Seen through those trailing clouds of glory which enwrap

the opening soul the familiar common-places of life and nature are transformed into wonderful bewitching mysteries. . . .

The little pilgrim of the dawn has now the freedom of what Professor Sully calls "the realm of fancy." In his active brain he has a magic wand which makes him master of creation. He fills the blank spaces between the zenith and the nadir with his imaginings; makes the woods fearful with wolves, discovers the haunts of the fairies and tree-folk in holes under the tree roots, and associates the church, the barn, the lane, the brook, the gate, with the people and places of his story-books.

As a pendant to the last paragraph I would add here a few sentences from a magazine article which Mr. Canton wrote some years ago, and which, so far as I know, has never been reprinted; possibly, like his early newspaper poems, it may have been forgotten:—

The power to read is a golden key to such a wonderland, it is so magical an experience to be able to conjure words, thought, speech, action out of the characters of a book, that the childish reader is delighted with anything. Solomon himself could not have prescribed the limits to a child's interest. The radiant region peopled by beings which at once are and are not; the life and action which for the hundredth time happen in just the same way and in the same words, and which cease to happen the moment the book is closed; the mere vitality of the actual words, which for the moment *are* the things they mean—all this is so engrossing to the imagination of a child that almost anything in print is an opening of the heavens and an efflorescence of delight.

"Of course I have kept to the sunny, the idyllic side of the subject," he says, towards the close of the introduction to the last-mentioned book. "Why not? I know there is another side, but this is a true side, it is the side always turned to me, and I am well pleased with it, just as most people are well pleased with the single sunny side of the moon. Wherefore should I go needlessly beyond the

luminous disc into the darkness and cold behind." And so, still keeping to the "sunny idyllic side" of childhood, he yet portrays the children of his books in many moods; impish, whimsical, wilful at times no doubt, but always lovable. Dipping here and there, as I have taken them up, into these books, or into such of them rather as are more especially about, than written for, children, noting a phrase or a thought or an incident that struck me, I have made no attempt to separate the real from the fanciful, the particular from the general, the children from the dream-children where the author himself has not done so. But there is one child the books associated with whose name are of such peculiar and pathetic interest, and whose memory is dear to the hearts of so many, children and grown-up children alike, that I have purposely kept all mention of her to the last.

My first introduction to W.V.—through the post, for I never saw her in the flesh—was, I find, early in 1898, when she was eight years old and already a "publisher of poems," though I was not then aware of the fact. "My little girl," her father wrote me, "intends to marry a count, and she has promised me a charming cottage (she builds it now and then with bricks and cards to convince me) when I am too old to go into the city any more." "Her Friend Littlejohn," as we learn from the story of that name in "W.V. Her Book," first made her acquaintance in a manner most idyllic and appropriate:—

The first time Littlejohn saw W.V.—a year or so ago—she was sitting on the edge of a big red flower-pot, into which she had managed to pack herself. A brilliant Japanese sunshade was tilted over her shoulder, and close by stood a green watering-can. This was her way of "playing at botany," but as the old gardener could not be prevailed upon to water her, there was not as much fun in the game as there ought to have been.

W.V. was accordingly consoling herself with telling "Mr. Sandy"—the recalcitrant gardener—the authentic and incredible story of the little girl who was "just 'scruciatingly good."

Later, on an idyllic afternoon among the heather, Littlejohn heard all about that excellent and too precipitate child, who was so eager to oblige or obey, that she rushed off before she could be told what to do; and as this was the only story W.V. knew which had obviously a moral, W.V. made it a great point to explain that "little girls ought not to be too good: *if they only did what they were told* they would be good enough." . . .

I fancy, from what I have heard, that she must have regarded Littlejohn's ignorance of the ways of children as one of her responsibilities. It was really very deplorable to find a great-statured, ruddy-bearded fellow of two and thirty so absolutely wanting in tact, so incapable of pretending, so destitute of the capacity of rhyming or telling a story. The way she took him in hand was kindly yet resolute. It began with her banging her head against something and howling. "Don't cry, dear," Littlejohn had entreated, with the crude pathos of an amateur; "come, don't cry."

When W.V. had heard enough of this she looked at him disapprovingly, and said, "You shouldn't say that. You should just laugh and say, 'Come, let me kiss that crystal tear away!'" "Say it!" she added after a pause. This was Littlejohn's first lesson in the airy art of consolation.

Littlejohn as a lyric poet was a melancholy spectacle.

"Now, *you* say, 'Come, let us go.'" W.V. would command.

"I don't know it, dear."

"I'll say half for you—

'Come, let us go where the people sell——'"

But Littlejohn hadn't the slightest notion of what they sold.

"Bananas," W.V. prompted; "say it."

"Bananas."

"And what?"

"Oranges!" Littlejohn hazarded.

"Pears!" cried W.V. reproachfully. . . . "And"—with pauses to give her host chances of retrieving his honour; "pine-ap-pèl!—

'Bananas and pears and pine-appèl,'
of course. I don't think you *can* publish a poem."

"I don't think I can, dear," Littlejohn confessed, after a roar of laughter.

"Pappa and I published that poem. Pine-appèl made me laugh at first. And after that you say—

'Away to the market! and let us buy
A sparrow to make asparagus pie.'

Say it!"

So in time Littlejohn found his memory becoming rapidly stocked with all sorts of nonsensical rhymes and ridiculous pronunciations.

"Her Birthday" was, we are told, "thanks to one of her own ingenious suggestions," rather a frequent affair:—

She came to us in April, when the world is still a trifle bare and the wind somewhat too bleak for anyone to get comfortably lost in the Forest or cast up on a coral reef; so we have made her birthday a movable feast, and whenever a fine free Saturday comes round we devote it to thankfulness that she has been born, and to the joy of our both being alive together. . . .

We first make a tour of the garden, and it is delightful to observe W.V. prying about with happy, eager eyes, to detect whether nature has been making any new thing during the dim, starry hours when people are too sound asleep to notice; delightful to hear her little screams of ecstasy when she has discovered something she has not seen before. It is singular how keenly she notes every fresh object, and in what quaint and pretty turns of phrase she expresses her glee and wonderment. . . .

Have I sailed out of the trades into the doldrums in telling of this common-place little body?—for, after all, she is merely the average, healthy, merry, teasing, delightful mite who tries to take the whole of life at once into her two diminutive hands. Ah, well, I want some record of these good, gay days of our early companionship; something that may still survive when this right hand is dust; a testimony that there lived at least one man who was joyously content with the small mercies which came to him in the beaten way of nature.

In the spring of 1898 Mr. Canton wrote me: "I see that 'Cyrano de Bergerac' has just been staged in Paris.

There was a man could write first-chop books, and could handle a sword, and make a *ballade* during a duel, and pink his man in the last line of the *envoi*, and give his life for the woman he loved. It is the common denominators in life which are the strength of fiction—love, joy, sorrow, death. These may *bear on* epics and masterpieces, but the latter are not essential in any way. . . . I fancy I can enjoy the humdrum and the fustian and leather just as heartily as I can the pageantry and the silk and purple and the heroic and breath-catching. If I specially take delight in a big fight perhaps my own idyllic disposition (!) is as much the reason as any strain of Celtic or Norse blood in my veins. . . . Yet you will laugh when I tell you that my next book will probably be fairy tales, only with saints, monks, cathedral-builders, hermits and the like as wonder-workers instead of wood spirits. W.V.—which being interpreted means Winifred Vida—likes this sort of thing among various other sorts, and I should like her to understand something of the mediæval Christian spirit.”

The book here referred to was published a little later in the same year—in this country under the title of “A Child’s Book of Saints” and in America as “W.V.’s Golden Legend,” in my opinion, a happier name for it. To a correspondent in the latter country he wrote thus respecting it: “Nobody (so far as I know) had treated ‘Christian mythology’ (to use De Maistre’s phrase) as many writers have treated the Greek, and the former struck me as affording at least as beautiful material as the latter—material, too, of more vital interest, of closer relationship to ourselves. . . . Then, though the book is ostensibly a child’s book, it is meant to appeal to *the child that dwells in every man and woman*, immortal in its freshness and sympathy and sense of wonder, except in those few and sad instances where the child has been

allowed to starve and perish of inanition. . . . My desire was to make this book one which a child would like, but one which it would like a hundred times better when it reached manhood or womanhood."

In many respects this is the most remarkable of Mr. Canton's books. The field is one into which only a master—sure of his audience and in sympathy with his theme—would dare to venture. Anchorites and monks and pillar-hermits and mythical or half-mythical saints are not denizens of the normal child's "realm of fancy"; and the life of the cell and cloister, the legends of holy men and women, and the lore of missal and breviary would seem to have little in them of attraction for such a one. Yet all these stories, practically in the form in which they appear in print, were first told to, and delighted, a normal child—as the author of both book and child tells us W.V. was—and must have interested and delighted a great many such children in two hemispheres since.

It was with the thought of helping the busy little brain to realise something of that bygone existence, with its strange modes of thought, its unquestioning faith in the unseen and eternal, its vivid consciousness of the veiled but constant presence of the holy and omnipotent God, its stern self-repression and its tender charity, its lovely ideals and haunting legends that I told W.V. the stories in this little book. It mattered little to her or to me that that existence had its dark shadows contrasting with its celestial light: it was the light that concerned us, not the shadows.

The perfect sympathy between style and theme, and the unfailing charm and music of the language—as in such a passage as this, for instance—

Greatly he loved the song of bird and man, and all melody and minstrelsy. Nor was it ill-pleasing to God that he should rejoice in these good gifts; for once lying in his cell faint with fever, to him came the thought that the

sound of music might ease his pain; but when the friar whom he asked to play for him was afraid of causing a scandal by his playing, St. Francis, left alone, heard such music that his suffering ceased and his fever left him. And as he lay listening he was aware that the sound kept coming and going; and how could it have been otherwise? for it was the lute-playing of an Angel, far away, walking in Paradise—

may be only dimly comprehended, but the effect which it leaves upon the mind can only and always be for good. And interwoven with the stranger and more severe elements is much talk of things and facts with which the child is more familiar; the author, like Prior Oswald with his novices,

never wearies of teaching them to feel and care for all God's creatures from the greatest to the least, and to love all God's works, and to take a great joy even in stones and rocks, and water and earth, and the clouds and the blue air. "For," said he, "according to the flesh all these are in some degree our kinsfolk, and like us they come from the hand of God."

One more passage only must I quote from this volume, since it is one which caused a certain amount of controversy when the book first appeared, only ended by Mr. Canton giving his authority for the curious fact related which some critic or critics had taken for a piece of pure imagination on his part:—

We lingered in the pillared cloisters where the black-letter chronicles were written in Latin, and music was scored and hymns were composed, and many a rare manuscript was illuminated in crimson and blue and emerald and gold; and we looked through the fair arches into the cloister-garth where in the green sward a grave lay ever ready to receive the remains of the next brother who should pass away from this little earth to the glory of Paradise. What struck W.V. perhaps most of all was, that in some leafy places these holy houses were so ancient that even the

blackbirds and throistles had learned to repeat some of the cadences of the church music, and in those places the birds continued to pipe them, though nothing now remains of church or monastery except the name of some field or street or well, which people continue to use out of old habit and custom.

I had not heard from Mr. Canton for some months, and was beginning to think it time that a new book on her behalf was forthcoming, when, in the spring of 1901, a chance newspaper paragraph gave me the sad news of W.V.'s death, after but a few days' illness. The *Morning Post*, on the day on which she was buried, contained the following exquisite lines, over the name of H. D. Lowry, and headed simply "W.V." I reproduce them here as they must have expressed the feelings of many a sorrowful heart on that day. "In a small village in Norfolk school children she did not know searched the woods and fields for wild flowers for her grave." But this flower of remembrance, sent by a man whom, also, she did not know, came from a street in the heart of London!—

Here's a flower for you, lying dead,
Child, whom living I never met.
Friends a many I may forget—
Not you, little Winifred.

Men grow sick when they live alone,
And long for the sound of a childish voice.
And you—how often you've made me rejoice
In a simple faith like your own!

So here's a flower for you, Winifred—
Out of London, a violet—
Little child whom I never met,
Winifred, lying dead.

Since then another volume—the last, alas! of the W.V. books—has appeared: "In Memory of W.V." The last poems, the last sketches and stories, associated with her

living and eager presence, with some recollections of those who had known her best during the later months of her short life, are here brought together in one volume.

Though to her it is a vain service, I wish to leave a brief memorial of Winifred's little life, and so complete the book which has made her the child of so many households besides our own. I undertake the task at the suggestion of one who loved her, though he never looked upon her face; and in writing of her I shall try to think of her, not as I last saw her, but as she was to me for nearly eleven years; as she will ever be in memory; as she *is*; as I shall yet see her, on the first day of the new week, when it is no longer dark, when the stone has been taken away. . . .

She had a reverence and piety of her own . . . made her own quaint forms of worship . . . yet in her many moods she was never a "heavenly" child. She wanted nothing better than the good earth on which she found herself. She was wonderfully alive to all that was beautiful . . . so much a child of the earth, so completely one with spring flowers and new leaves and sunshine and the glad breath of the west wind, that one felt that while these lasted she could not but be as they were. Indeed, her joyous little soul seemed to give them something of its own immortality and a human nearness which of themselves they had not. . . .

The rose-bush in the garden is breaking into flower at last. Blossom, slow bush, lift up hands of flowers, as she would say; the last time she was near you she blamed your long delay. In the woods, now that she can walk no more in the familiar footsteps, the ways are glad with the colour of spring. How she loved it! Here are the trees where there used to be pools after rain, and in her later years she would look into them and laugh at her old fancies that there were water-fairies that lived down in those clear depths. . . . To me she was such a pool of fairy water—a ten years' fountain of joy for ever springing. . . .

Like the child of my fancy, she has vanished from the sun, gone far and far into the dusky paths of the long silence. I may call, and listen, and call again, but she never replies—never replies. Soon I too shall go, following you, Winifred, peering wistfully into the shadows; and holding my breath for the sound of your voice. Oh, some-

day—somewhere—beyond all doubting, we shall meet and know each other, and remember with gladness, and not without tears, these old happy years of the earth.

Children and dream-children! Children that live only, beloved, in memories; and dream-children that were never more than the shadows of memories! Not with the closing of the page will your records be forgotten—records as sweet at times as if some lovely and fragrant flower, “pressed between the leaves, had been changed into words and made itself a place in the text.”

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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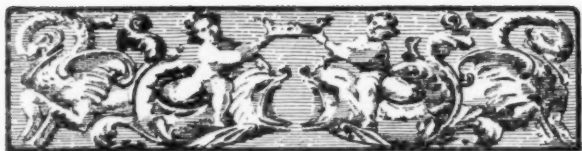
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Compiled by JOHN H. SWANN.

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IMPRESSIONS OF SWITZERLAND.

By LAURENCE CLAY.

THERE would appear to exist, as part of the phenomena of our mysterious human nature, mental planes upon which we are liable, amongst other things, to the obsession of our usual general sense of proportion and value and their refinements, or we come under the domination of influences under which we appear to run amok amongst pre-conceived notions and conventionalities. We at least sometimes do unaccountable things.

What for instance, dire enough, if my post-haste trip (unblessed word!) through and over and around the sublimities of Switzerland, were in its conditions and essence, a *lapsus mentis*, and "all a wonder and a wild desire" alien to the calm of unruffled reason, an outburst of primeval curiosity, or an overmastering predatory instinct, the beast working out in the man, Ayrian though he be. Perhaps I but ran amok in a refined, superior kind of way. Sure am I that I should be ashamed, were I confronted with the shade of Ruskin, to have to confess I had "done" Switzerland in a fortnight. Apart from the poverty of the language, my ghostly straits could not prompt reasons enough to give any colour to a defence of such conduct.

I defend it not, but feel like the dog discovered to have eaten a stolen meal, guilty in every curve, one's sole thought for comfort "I've had it, nothing can obviate *that*, now punish me if it be your will."

Thus have I cried 'Peccavi,' assumed your reproof, and now pass to tell over as sweet morsels of memory and reflection, some of the impressions, flash-like impressions perhaps, that I gathered. One fore-word more, however.

Ruskin (and to quote him is surely excusable in this connection), in one of his works, refers to a law of compensation under which the feelings of "wonder and delight" proper to childhood do, in a declining degree perhaps, persist into later years, because we rightly are delighted with objects of pleasure less worthy than others to which under other conditions we might attain. This effect obtains, he says, because of the "poorness of our treasures."

That miraculous aspect of nature around us was because we had seen little and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with new weariness; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration, and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us and no miracle surprise.

One must sorrowfully confess to the deep truth of this. It is two-sided. On the one hand I could appreciate less than the perfect, the more fully, because of my ignorance of the latter; on the other hand, satiety of the faculty of admiration was all too soon reached, all too universally present.

Despite which remarks let me now say that what impressed me most about my holiday in Switzerland was the unexpected and repeated elements of wonder which it furnished. I had not dulled the edge of surprise by too close a prior perusal of my Baedeker, and my ignorance served my pleasure.

Accustomed to the murky Maneunian streams and waters, how delightful to see the blue-green of the lake of Geneva. How satisfying as well as pleasing to the eye,

making the steamer journey over it from end to end, one long pleasurable excitement sufficiently vivid but with a restful contentment based upon the subconsciousness that this was beautiful and noble—and God had made it so.

And what added wonders at the Geneva end, where the Rhone divides, and being of sufficient volume it flows with force and dignity on either side of Rousseau's island its bifurcation a double river, re-uniting a mile or two lower down. One arm descends a few feet through the bonds of sluices erected to secure power for lighting the town electrically; in passing which sluices its sapphire-blue is troubled into a row of snow-white passionate cascades, passion soon declining into the peace beyond of the blue, still waters, that run deep.

Beyond again, is perhaps the greatest local wonder of all. Outside Geneva, where the Rhone runs between a high flank of rocky escarpment on one side, a diminishing, low elevation on the other, it approaches its junction with the Arve. The Rhone is a mountain torrent, born of snow, and for many miles from its sources it is of that peculiar drab French-grey colour, which is always characteristic of snow-born streams. It so enters the lake Lemman, and through all the forty miles length of that beautiful lake it preserves its own individuality in all except its colour. Its journey through the lake enables it to take on the peerless blue, clad so to speak in the beauty of which it emerges at Geneva. The Arve, equally a mountain snow-born stream from the Mont Blanc range is less fortunate. *It* finds no transfiguring lake. One gets to like the gray of these mountain streams, but the blue is a flowing joy and surprise for all.

Where these waters meet, for meet they do just to the south of Geneva, the municipality have erected or laid a narrow and guarded causeway, enabling the visitor to more

adequately view one of nature's greatest wonders. For the Rhone—in its swift flow alike exquisitely blue on the surface and in its depths—flows in intimate tact with the gray Arve (parallel band of vivid colour and its foil) without mixing their several waters, seemingly as though the Rhone were too proud to be wooed and won. A bend in their joint course, beyond, some hundreds of yards, hides their nuptials and leaves one in just sufficient doubt if ever they take place.

I passed from wonder to wonder, and while to the imaginative and poetic, the whole land could not fail to be an unity of wonder, I yield to a more finite mind and but mention one or two of the more striking.

Adjured not to miss the Blue lake between Kanderstag and Spietz, we stopped our vehicle, paid our 1s. per head, and passing down a wide, sandy approach, to a low-lying wood, entered, and soon there was disclosed a more or less modern house, or hotel, in front of which, at a few feet lower level, lay the still waters of a sapphire blue lake. It was not comparable with the lake of Geneva, for this was but a spot, and unlike the former it seemed to be a pure blue right to the bottom, which was clearly visible and was some fifty feet down at the deepest. The bottom was of broken rock at all angles and depths, with sunken larches lying at haphazard as they first fell from the crumbling banks. No doubt the light had much to do with its pure blue; it was an inverted repetition of the blue vault of heaven with the added appearance of depth that the sky mostly denies us. Proceeding to the boat house we rang a bell, and an attendant came and rowed us over those clear depths, not without our feeling a somewhat eerie sensation, for in parts the revelation of the bottom seemed so unnatural, and in others, where there really was considerable depth the water looked too shallow for safe

boating. We ultimately left the spot, as directed, by a made path through a long distance of fallen rocks, travelling beneath some, round others, always in the moist shade and by old wolf-lairs and former bear-haunts, amid beautiful foliage and herbage, a path which led us once more to the open and the onward, onward of our intent and purpose.

Another day, driving into the very heart of the mountains behind Interlaken, (the district of the Jungfrau and of Grindelwald), we alighted at Lauterbrunnen and walked on to the falls dubbed "Trummelbach," wonderful falls with a wonderful name, which is fitting.

To reach there we must needs pass a fall on the opposite side of the valley, which fall takes a sheer leap of close upon a thousand feet down the face of a precipice, and surrenders its being into vapour ere it reaches the foot, the water being sundered into white powder in mid air, a fall indeed striking enough, yet perhaps not so much so as the Trummelbach which I am about to describe. This latter is, as far as I am aware, quite unique. To see it one must climb a zig-zag path up the steep which lies at the foot of the precipice.

A mountain stream has found its opportunity on the summit of the ridge of precipice to which it has come in its descent to the sea, to force its way down to the valley, not like its rivals on the opposite ridge by a bold mad leap into the air, but by grinding its way down a crevice in the rock, which crevice it has in long unceasing labour widened in irregular sections until a great slice of rock seems to be cut down and cut off, almost completely, indeed it suggests a ravine in the making, and if it takes a few thousand years to complete it, what is that but a point in Time's progress?

The stream, once having found its point of vantage,

dashes down in a brief succession of long leaps in its precipitous narrow chambers, hollowing out several great basins, each used as a fresh jumping off place for its mad, furious descent, and at last, and most wonderful of all, by some mysterious passage it has won for itself, it issues from a huge hole in a narrow ravine wall and dashes itself bodily in one single mighty and furious volume against the opposing wall, with a roar and with impetuous and irresistible impact as if shot from some Titanic piece of ordnance. Spray is abundant, despite the conspicuous unity of the water's volume. The curious might seek to estimate the size of that great hole which its white volume fills, but how he shall estimate the immense force of its insistence and tell how many tons of water flow per minute I know not. I do know it comes and goes in a passion of fury seemingly accentuated by repeated opposition to its irregular course, nor does that water find rest in the river into which it dashes; for the Lutschine's progress down to the lake of Brienz is one of constant turbulence and brawling violence the whole way thereafter, and so it is fitly called "the white Lutschine."

Perhaps one degree less wondrous but no less impressive is the gorge of the Aar, entered a short distance from the station of Meiringen. The gorge is one more unique object-lesson in the power of erosion contained in running water. Here it has worn its way down, cleaving in the rock for over two miles, a narrow irregular gorge in parts 600 feet deep.

The water, taking in this mighty task the line of least resistance, has so eroded the adamantine rock as to afford every variety of gorge and impending precipice, devils punch-bowls, crevices, basins, and beetling cliff.

All this has been made accessible to the visitor, either by tunnelled gallery with openings at intervals to

afford light, and view, and air, or by the nailing up (rather than the erection) of a lateral narrow platform and guard rail upon the face of the precipice overhanging the torrent at the foot of the gorge, thus affording ever-changing views. Near the far end of the gorge there is an upper gallery, rising gradually, and crossing the urgent torrent by a narrow slip of bridge in mid air, and on the other side continuing the rise hundreds of feet, and behind a crevasse or parallel gorge in the opposite rock reaching its rear summit where you obtain a good view of a giant pit created by erosion of the water of former ages, the pit beneath you empty, the stream having found other sphere of action. Wild flowers and ferns and vegetation generally clothe the rocks with beauty, the only eyesore the neglected electrical installation, once the delight of couples of moon-light-ramblers. The gorge must have looked beautifully weird or weirdly beautiful when under the beams of the arc electric light.

One last wonder, not the least, I must briefly mention and then pass to another aspect of our visit.

The tourist travelling to Zermatt from Geneva changes at Visp and then travels up the Visp Valley at right angles to the Arve Valley, up which he has come. The train ascends nearly all the way amid beautiful and changing mountain views of first rank and variety. Most of the way the train runs on one or the other bank of the brawling Visp. It also is a snow-born river, nothing whatever like our murky Irwell. It is not so wide, so smooth, so deep, nor so black and evil. Its bed is of broken blocks of rock, with sandy interstices in parts. Some miles from Visp, where the river is fairly broad, say 20 to 30 feet, the river bed takes the form for many hundreds of metres of a flattish, well-defined giant staircase of deep steps and broad from back to front, from step to step of which the

white water dashes in tons upon tons, lashed into fury; dashing turmoil and passion in every drop. No sea was ever so furious for no sea ever met such opposition that was not final nor offered such unintermittent impetuosity, unceasing force, unresting insistence, force palpably recoiling on itself, the waters over-riding in retreat only to return with increased energy. Nothing—nothing I ever saw equalled it for a physical expression of pure, natural passion. Its passion was voiced in the sound of many waters, beautified by the whiteness of its broken volume, even glorified in the vivid hues of the rainbow reflected from its ghostly spray.

Thus the Visp to-day—thus night and day unceasing year in year out—alone finding rest in its mother's bosom, the all-embracing sea.

One of the panoramic views we most looked forward to, was that of the Gornergrat summit some 10,000 feet above sea level. What is advertised as the highest mountain railway in Europe conveys you to some quarter mile below the summit, upon which latter a rough wooden hotel has been erected. The rarity of the atmosphere makes you for a while breathless, and the climb to the summit added, sets your heart to violent ways, but you go on with eight feet of snow wall on either side, though 'tis 23rd June, and meet due reward. I will not speak of the railway journey up those mighty and panoramic steepes but describe the sunset as seen from Gornergrat. We were enthusiastic enough to get out at 4-0 a.m. to see the tardy sun rise, but to my mind, guilty or not of a solecism, I preferred the beauty as well as the romance of the dayset.

Here it is, as written while the impression was undulled by the obliterating hand of Time.

The peaks of the Swiss Italian Alps—Monte Rosa and the Breithorn, Castor and Pollux—lie in close, indeed seem-

ingly very close proximity. These are the very peaks of which, only in March last, I had viewed the whole range in glorious outline from the Italian side, from the Superga, outside Turin; surely the world is a small place!

Between and below is the horizontal curve—like a great white note of interrogation—of the glacier running from Monte Rosa round the base of the Gornergrat to the valley. Mountain summits and crags all around, jagged, aspiring, roughly rotund, the unsullied white snow softening all roughnesses.

On the west by the side of the sunset and invisible from Italy, is the immensely soaring and unique isolated crag of the Matterhorn, one mighty upheaval of aspiring rock, its side to the setting sun, snow, virgin white, over all, and in predominance, though, if the scene be virgin white yet does the craggy rock assert itself in “uplift” everywhere, despite which the *tout ensemble* is white.

In the glacier surface here and there exist perfectly round blue small pools or what look like pools, gems in form and colour; the glacier’s serrated surface being the only approach to the appearance of the level.

Now face Monte Rosa and the Breithorn, for these noble peaks are the last to bid adieu to the sun as he declines. The white, unbearable to the jaded eye, during the early evening, now permits steady gaze without smoked glasses. The upper summits gradually assume a deeper tinge while the lower ridges and slopes take on, imperceptibly until realized, a colder hue.

Passing clouds in among the summits in the quarter where the sun is setting assume an incarnadine flush at their edges, with almost a suggestion of anger. But see, the summits which face the dayset are assuming, have retained a roseate hue; pale, not deep rose colour, though eventually it deepens a little but never assumes aught but

the pale roseate hue which is so soothing and perhaps the most pleasing of all the hues Nature gives us. It is not pink, it is a heavenly light just flooding the summits with a tender glory.

As a foil, almost as if Nature tried to reveal her most perfect alchemy, just between Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm, is steadied a great bank of cloud in the bosom of which is set a single block of rock, which is only in the lower part snow-mantled. Upon the shoulders of that rock and on either side, it rests. The cloud, although reflecting the same sunlight as the peaks between which it is as steady as if fixed, is of wholly different hue. At first it is snow-white save for the dark rock-jewel in its bosom, but as the summits take their roseate hue, fully, then fadingly, with delicious tardiness yet everchanging tone, the cloud gradually abates its whiteness into deeper—into tone—who shall say what tone—until at last, all roseate hues fled, the cloud is gloriously pre-eminent in flame. More strikingly picturesque than all, the last to speak the lordly sun farewell, the last to lose the glory it so gorgeously gained from its Creator. It was an awe-inspiring panorama of form, colour and tone, in stillness and silence unequalled, a glory that was eloquent of majesty and that seemed to take its tone from being nearer heaven—the madding crowd outside sight and thought.

The pure steely opalesque of the day-set side of the heavens was cold to it all, but nothing in colour, setting, quietude, or glory was left to be desired, and the Matterhorn added its own unique note of grandeur, though it took not the chief part in that tender roseate vision that made the heart quietly glad and the spirit worshipful.

For a single object of natural and majestic beauty, to my taste and mind pre-eminent, I should name the Jungfrau as seen from Interlaken. It lies—stands rather—

to the south of the city, from one of the main roads of which it can be well seen in a perfect setting.

Surrounded on all sides by mountains of noble height, the Jungfrau, viewed from certain points on the level, is apparently the sole snow-clad summit, and where it is supreme in its white pure beauty, it is just there that it is set off by the dark, pine-clad slopes in the foreground on both sides.

Immediately behind those converging dark slopes the Jungfrau rises and o'ertops them, radiant in its mantle of snow, in the setting sun, clear in outline and feature like a gigantic sea shell, the scroll uppermost, white with unsullied snow, an object of noble beauty which will, by the glance of that inward eye of the imagination, remain for one a joy for ever.

Earlier in the day we had seen its white majesty set behind an almost literally black razor-edge of intervening lower summit, and the full contrast was as sharp and emphatic as it was beautiful. One of its neighbours—further aside and to the rear—is also beautiful, in white, so much so as to merit the name “the Superb Breithorn,” but it must give place to the Jungfrau by reason of the shape and setting of the latter, which is in these respects even more superb, and less challenged.

The Jungfrau, fit and poetical name, the Jungfrau for ever!

Of the humour of the holiday one could say much but must be content with little. It was with a twinkle in the eye one quizzed a travelling United Stateser as to the meaning of the legend painted upon an Interlaken shop board and exhibited to all comers, which ran “English spoken American understood.” The implied imperfection of the Yankee accent did not appeal to the lady enquired of,

though no offence was taken, one had hoped there might be more behind that legend, if so we failed to reach it.

Then again, there was the old lady, very aged, but still comely and active—but whose mental faculties were fast giving place to senility. Travelling by night from Paris to Lausanne, it was humourous and pathetic too, to watch how the extreme but officious solicitude of her daughter, and niece, and friend (first one and then another), for her comfort, was tendered, received, and soon forgotten and transgressed. The poor girl (second childhood you know), was conjured to place and keep her feet most uncomfortably, I thought, on a box, and so be comfortable whether she wanted to or not. She wanted, badly as a resolute and wayward child, to stand and view the country about which she had been probably talking and dreaming for months. The said daughter, said niece, and said friend, thought she ought to sleep—uncomfortable, sleepless, curious, never mind, sleep—because she ought to be asleep, like the boy suddenly introduced to the distractions of Margate sands who was told to enjoy himself instantly or be flogged.

When the dame secured a strawberry or two at midnight from some local station, the fruit became a text on her lips for a long time, though the sermon lacked freshness of thought—indeed it was bald—and needed variety. "It was wonderful how refreshing a strawberry could be, even one strawberry," repeated after intervals. Then the old lady turned to the luggage rack at her side as she stood and conversed with a stranger—an wholly imaginary one. Indeed, earlier on she had taken hats hung for comfort beneath the luggage rack for faces with spectacles on, "evil faces too I call them; don't you Clara think they are evil faces?" and yet the poor old dame could give a sensible answer to a sensible question; but she would not subside, nor did she until day broke and the shadows fled,

and when she *could* see and there was more of interest to see she had subsided and saw little, for she slumbered.

Perhaps the queerest happening of all was our visit to the medicinal baths of Louèche-les-Bains beneath the Gemmi Pass. We were to climb the 7,000 feet of the latter before the heat of the day, so were out by six a.m. ready to commence. First, however, we went thus early to view the baths. You enter a 'one-storey shed, which is lighted from the roof. The shed is a square, divided into four by centre pathways, crossing in the middle and protected from the four hot vapour-baths by a rail. Two baths were occupied, one by eight men, and the other, adjoining, by six women. Habited in bathing costume, they were immersed almost to their shoulders, walking or moving about, or floating at pleasure.

A loud cheer or guffaw from these poor souls greeted our entrance. Condemned to this watery element for three to six hours at a stretch, they were grateful for any relief to the monotony of it. The baths were filled by a continuously running pipe of thermal water at about 125° Fahrenheit. The patients take their meals from off floating tables, one to each person, like a horizontal floating bib, and similarly play drafts, dominoes, etc., thereon, and to vary further the monotony slap the surface of the water with their tables to cleverly splash each other, a form of watery assault and battery not wholly unknown elsewhere. They carried their fun on for our benefit, exhibiting such antics, jests, and merriment as was decent and fitting to the occasion. An altogether funny and unique scene, and we, as spectators, unused to such spectacles, scarcely realised our own dignity or part and place in such a performance. Noisy farewells set us adrift once more, feeling it was not wholly humorous, there was a pathetic side to it also. Humour and pathos often travel together,

and not seldom tragedy is in the near neighbourhood. We certainly touched it from time to time on our journey. Up the Gemmi pass, we at length reached a point where a plate let into the rock recorded how two German brothers climbing that same path found death claim them on the spot where we stood, being buried by an avalanche, which without warning fell from the precipice overhead one Christmas day a few years ago. Nearer the summit, and on the more precipitous section of the zig-zag mule-track to the top, we came upon an even sadder record.

A bride on her honeymoon was riding down on a mule, when it stumbled and she was precipitated from its back over the edge to the track some hundreds of feet lower down, a spot now marked by a marble monument let into a deep cutting or niche in the face of the rock. It is surmounted by a carved marble cross about two feet high, bearing the words "Spes Unica."

Tragedy, too, all too impressive, is eloquent in the small churchyard of the English Church in Zermatt, where the majority of the graves and records are of those who have perished when climbing in these beautiful mountains, perishing not always as the result of too great and unwise a daring but sometimes by sheer bad fortune as by a falling stone, or an unlooked for and inescapable avalanche.

In the valley between Gemmi and Kanderstag at one point is seen on one of the highest summits of the Blumli Alps an immense dent in the snow just below the top. A few years ago the age-old bank of snow that had lodged there, parted, and descending the mountain side in one immense torrent like a flake-white sea, had swept across the valley to the opposing rocks, against which it dashed itself to pieces, carrying with it many cattle, 170 to 180 of which perished, beside six persons. That was in September, 1895, and I take it the risk of a repetition is

run every day in the season. Only last May another avalanche had, lower down, filled a declivity, luckily without danger to human life or cattle, though it buried a stream which nevertheless emerged, unconquered, from beneath the superincumbent mass of snow.

Of the cities one can but say a word. Lucerne is very pleasing with its quaint bridge the "Kappelbrücke," with its ancient fortified tower and its scores of pictures—oil paintings fixed in the apexes of the bridge's roof-rafters. The people at one time cannot have grudged of their means to beautify their city. Lucerne is vastly pleasing also for its situation of natural beauty. Interlaken, too, creates a very favourable impression largely due to the Jungfrau, and Lausanne and Geneva owe much to their situation on the lake of Geneva.

For a lake-side village of great beauty of situation Montreux is exceptional with its castle of Chillon on the lake edge, and beyond and across, the striking and pleasing summits of the Dent du Midi.

Berne is quaint and very interesting, quite an old flavour evident throughout—and somewhat like an Italian city in its piazza and colonades. What a splendid view it has, too, from the heights overlooking its river's course immediately below, across country to the horizon bounded by the range of the Bernese Alps, a noble barrier to satisfied vision.

Of the Swiss people I cannot say much. If you live in hotels you can't learn much of the people, so lest I transgress, I will say little more of them than what I might have said without going there, viz., that a people whose imagination and invention can soar to the story of William Tell, with life in it sufficient to make it last as a stimulus to the love of liberty for centuries, must have something—much of nobility and worth in their national character.

On the other hand one could not help noticing, especially in the valleys among the mountains, a number of little men, undersized in all but the head, bearded, and evidently cretinous, reminding one of the small gnomish figures common to the toy shops at Christmas time. I understand they often *are* cretins, and their condition is due to their life in the valleys. I fancy, though do not pretend to knowledge on the subject, that they may be descendants from the original Iberian stock that inhabited Europe before the ingression of the sturdier Aryan race; some of the former it is known exist in the Basque provinces of the Pyrenees where also they are frequently cretins. I hazard a suggestion that the valleys as such, are not the cause of their condition but their decadent descent. The valleys would naturally be the last place from which they disappear and where they are most likely to be found, as the mountains are a natural barrier to their dispersion or their absorption by more vigorous, more developed races.

It is said mankind is the proper study of man, but I did not go there to study, and I confess that nature had full preference, and while the visit never realised just the anticipations one inevitably forms, I yet can say the wonder, and beauty, and grandeur of all we saw grew upon one from day to day and surpassed *all* our anticipations, and I again humbly confess to a sense of ill in having attempted so much in so short a time, but the memory of it, that shall last as long as life and mentality remain to me.





HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

By W. V. BURGESS.

ONE hundred years ago, that is, on the second day of April, eighteen hundred and five, at Odense in Funen, Hans Christian Andersen, the prince of fairy-story tellers, was ushered into life. And, it is surely a happy synchronism that this same year of grace in which the world commemorates the first publication of the masterpiece of Cervantes, also celebrates the centenary of the birth of the author of "Wonder Stories," those stories which are associated with all that is most delightful in the memories of our childhood, and which, even in the years of our maturity, still hold us with charms irresistible.

The story of "Don Quixote" never wanes in popularity because its hero, though mad, is the soul of honour—clean in character, through and through. So, the fame of Andersen, so long as new generations of children shall be born, will suffer no diminution, for his "Fairy Tales" or "Wonder Stories" are as pure and undefiled as the young hearts unto which they appeal.

"The Children's Poet," as Andersen loved to style himself, has been dead these thirty years, but as yet, no dust of neglect has gathered about his name. No, no duty lies for us there; ours it is, rather, to scatter a few fresh flowers upon the shrine of his modest immortality, to re-affirm, though it may seem like the repetition of an oft-told tale, the claims this Danish story-teller has upon the world's regard.

The son of a poor cobbler, Hans Christian Andersen, by dint of his native gifts, raised himself from the lowest origin to a world-wide fame. Though his was no transcendent genius, though he was by no means the peerless writer of his day, nevertheless the strength and originality of his mental qualities, combined with his tender humanity, have cast a lustre about his life and work that time is not likely soon to tarnish. The world has made up its mind, at least, in this respect—he is assigned a place among mankind's unforgettable ones.

In his autobiography "The Story of My Life," published in 1855, may be found all one needs to know regarding the salient facts of his life. Thrown upon his own resources at an early age he sought the means of livelihood in one of the factories of his birthplace. Even here, among the untoward surroundings of a cloth factory, his natural talents forced themselves into evidence, his pronounced bent for song and versification was not allowed to go unnoticed. His reputation, however, soon passed beyond the circle of his fellow-workmen, and, outside the confines of his own social set, he became known as "The Comedy Writer." His afterward-friends and patrons were not slow in recognising, in this son of a humble Crispin, a prodigy of no common order. Foremost among those who took an early interest in Andersen was the widow of the Danish poet Bunkeflod, to her help and influence he owed much of his subsequent success.

Copenhagen was then, as it is largely so still, the Mecca towards which the ambitious youth of Scandinavia directed their longing eyes, here they imagined fortune and renown awaited them, openhanded. Thither, therefore, with like expectations, the aspiring Hans repaired. First, he essayed a trial of fortune on the stage. Alas! his lack of education proved an insurmountable block of stumbling;

he was unable to obtain even the humblest appointment in the service of Thespis. Thereupon, being naturally gifted in the matter of voice, he tried the rôle of singer, but with as little success—his disqualifying heaviness of feature and ungainliness of form were dead against him as a platform artiste. Nor did the publication of his literary efforts, the next venture, prove any more fortunate. Issued as they were, with his genial, but misunderstood, egotism, they only stirred the ridicule of the critics, and made the writer a butt for cruellest satire. Years afterwards, remembering this time of probation, well might he confess, as he did to one of his friends, "Yes, I was 'The Ugly Duckling,' it is the story of my own life, I was myself the despised swan in the poultry-yard, the poet in the home of the Philistines."

At length the old truism that the darkest night has a dawning, was once more exemplified; there came a change in the unhappy poet's fortune. Andersen's friends had never lost faith in him, nay, it became more and more evident to them that the gifts of their protégé contained the elements of real genius, only waiting suitable conditions for their proper development. Consequently, owing to the influence and intercession of one of these discriminating admirers, the king was prevailed upon to place Hans in one of the higher schools, there to be tutored at the public's expense.

In 1830, at the age of twenty-five, Andersen published his first book of collected poems, but, though he was already known as the writer of "The Dying Child," and that humorous satire "Walk to Amak," the new volume met with scant favour. The following year he issued a second volume of poems under the title of "Fantasies and Sketches" which, however, fared no better than its predecessor.

It now became manifest to the few loyal adherents, that,

although the educational defects in Andersen had been largely remedied, there remained much in his natural character, and in his outlook upon life, that needed correcting. His easy egotism, however ingenuously asserted, must be deepened into dignified self-confidence. His narrow, though not ignoble, cunning, born of a straitened youth and early neglect, must give place to a more generous judgment, a matter to be rectified only by a more generous experience. Travel, and contact with other nationalities, it was contended, would alone effect these desiderata. Here again the king stepped in, and by providing a pension for travel purposes (1833), Andersen was enabled to visit Germany, Switzerland and Italy.

Pausing for a moment in the consecutive history of our subject let us endeavour to gain some notion of the man's personal appearance and the native attitude of his mind. It will be an advantage at this point, too, to note the influence these and other travels exerted upon the mental temper of the great story-teller. It would be idle to deny the salutary effect that travel had upon Andersen. His mind was broadened, his knowledge amplified, his convictions sobered. These facts are evidenced in all the works which were distinctly the outcome of his journeyings. Yet, withal, he remained unchanged in one particular—he remained unmodernised!

Yes, happily for all time, his was a temperament of yesterdays. A temperament almost intolerant of the practicabilities of to-day. A temperament unspoiled in this respect by travel and success alike. This fact affords us a key to much of his work, throws a light upon many of the vagaries of his imagination, and enables us to realise why, reading some of his quaint stories, is like opening a window and looking out upon another world—the world of our youth—the youth of our world.

Indeed, so little was the Danish story-teller in sympathy with modern progress that on one occasion he significantly declares: "I can imagine all sorts of delightful happenings in every land under the sun, save America, that great land of harsh prose, where the people have regard for nothing else but money." To be sure, Andersen's estimation of America was gained almost solely from Cooper's novels and probably he was not aware at the time that one of the best translations, into English, of his "Wonder Stories," was the work of an American, Horace Scudder. Nevertheless, herein we have the strong trend of his antipathies plainly exhibited.

His attitude towards the arrogant claims of materialistic science was no less antagonistic. "Science," he once exclaimed, "is all well and good when applied to those inventions which render life easier and happier, but when scientists"—and here he lays bare the simplicity of his childlike soul—"question the word of God, as if they knew better than He, and when they would deprive me of my faith, I say to them 'Excuse me, gentlemen, I know as much about this as you, and cannot accept you as guides.'" Darwin, of whom he had heard, he considered to be an absurd crank, who had succeeded in deluding himself into the fancy, that he had descended from a monkey.

As to Andersen's personal appearance, we read that his spacious forehead was the only feature indicative of intellect. His eyes, of a greyish hue, were small though possessed of a kindly expression, otherwise his face was markedly plebeian, nose, mouth, and chin, being almost ugly in the rudeness of their modelling. His whole figure was lank and ill-proportioned, the limbs seeming too long for the body, and withal angular and loose-jointed. Truly a portrait this not over-prepossessing; but, later in life, we learn that time and much suffering had stamped his

countenance with a degree of nobleness which caused one to lose sight of his natural uncomeliness.

Regarding the character of his disposition, one finds it everywhere reflected in his works—a prevailing spirit of tenderness, simplicity, and an abiding love of all that is good—mingled, it must be said, with an ingenuous egotism, and an unreasonable impatience of all adverse criticism.

Thus, with some sort of knowledge of the man, we resume the historic thread at a point when, at last, the critics were silenced, the turn in the author's fortune reached, and his power once for all acknowledged. The travel experiment had borne fruit in more than expected measure. There was a verve, depth, and masterliness about the works produced during this sojourn in foreign lands, that exceeded even the fondest hopes of his friends.

We have already seen how that Andersen had gained a certain recognition as the writer of "The Dying Child" and "Walk to Amak," and that this promise of better things had failed in its fulfilment by the publication of his two volumes of collected poems. Now, however, as a first result of his wanderings abroad, he brought back his earlier standing, shot beyond the promise of his youth, by the issue of "Travelling Sketches." This work abounds with shrewd observations and impressions relating to the scenes and folk of Northern Germany. There is a breadth and ripeness about the book which mark a distinct step forward in the author's thought and style. The literati of the day paused in their breadth—a new star was rising in the state of Denmark.

As a second result of his travel there appeared a volume entitled "Agnes and the Merman," which was written, or at any rate, finished, during a tour in Switzerland. If this venture did nothing more, it certainly confirmed the high opinion entertained of the previous publication.

But! a little later, when "The Improvisatore" left the press—the star had fully risen. Andersen's fame was realised, his ability henceforth unquestioned, his place among Scandinavian authors assured. In spite, however, of the fact, that Danish authorities hailed "The Improvisatore" as a masterpiece of literature, and, that other nationalities lavished unstinted commendation upon it, it strikes one, on first reading, as a work somewhat hotch-potch in arrangement, and coloured too frequently with primary tints. This impression, though, largely disappears on a closer acquaintance with the book, one begins to perceive traces of unconscious orderliness, sudden awakenings of the author's latent powers, and the gradual development of embryonic faculties under the influence of proper objects of appeal. Rome and Naples had stimulated the imagination of their visitor, had stirred within him the soul of the poet, had enriched the wine of life to an intense degree. People, scenery, and circumstances, are all portrayed with a fervour and clothed with a glamour only possible under the inspiration of the blue of South Italian skies.

Even thus, when success was Andersen's beyond gainsay, and when as yet he had barely passed his thirtieth year, we find him subject to those fits of querulousness, moods of irritability and melancholy which became recurrently characteristic throughout his whole career. In one of his letters about this period, he exclaims: "I am weary of life, my ambitions have turned out empty dreams, I am withering away in solitude." Then he gives it that travel is his only salvation, and as a matter of fact, foreign journeys appear to have been never-failing antidotes to his seasons of dejection.

His love of tour and change was insatiable, and when, whether through the generosity of his friends or a treasury grant, sums always pitifully small, he was enabled to

indulge his tastes, he set out with heart as light as pocket, travelling frugally, and everywhere faring meagrely enough, meantime consoling himself with the reflection that, "A poet should not over-feed himself." His spendings were so attenuated, in order to afford a more lengthened stay, that he once startled his friends by a letter, threatening to come back to them—a skeleton! In Italy, for cheapness sake, he affected the humblest lodgings, and he relates how that one morning, after getting up, he counted no less than fifty-seven flea-bites on one hand alone!

Andersen had now (1838) earned renown, but wealth came along so very tardily that he was granted by Royal resolution a yearly pension of £50, which, little though it was, meant a great deal to so thrifty a recipient. "Now!" said he, "I no longer need to knock at every one's door for a bit of bread." But it meant more than this to him: by its means he foresaw more frequent opportunities of foreign jaunts.

Alluring, however, as this element of travel may be in the biography of Andersen, and closely associated as it is with his general work, we can here afford space only for the briefest reference to his two visits to our own country.

The Danish author's first visit to England took place in 1847. He was already known in this country through the translations of Mrs. Howitt, Miss Peachey and others. Apropos of this visit, a writer in the *Athenæum* wondered what sort of an impression England would make upon one so artless, yet so wise, as the Scandinavian story-teller. Well! in a word the impression was of the happiest. The author of the "Ugly Duckling" was everywhere fêted as the most interesting man of his day. He was cordially entertained at Marlborough House by the Prince Consort, lionized by the aristocracy, and welcomed at the most

exclusively fashionable salons. Better still! he met Dickens, of whom he says: "We took each other by the hand, looked into each other's eyes, and laughed for joy."

Before returning home, he visited Scotland, where he seems to have enjoyed everything but—the Scottish Sabbath! He afterwards writes: "My residence in London last summer was the brightest point in my life." And again, he expresses the opinion that London is the only city (other than Rome) deserving the name of Metropolis, and that the English are the most sterling, amiable, and moral people in the wide world.

For five weeks in 1857 Andersen was again in England, this time as the guest of Charles Dickens at Gadshill.

Our great novelist, by way of an inducement, says in his letter of invitation: "We have children of all sizes and they all love you—you will find a house full of admiring friends from three feet high to five feet nine." This holiday-time with the Gadshill folk benefitted Andersen both in mind and body, besides rendering him more proficient in the English tongue, an accomplishment of which he was extremely proud. One day, he tells, he had been showing off his knowledge in this respect before a certain gifted lady of his own city, when she broke in by explaining that the difficulty of the English language lay in its pronunciation, "thus," she said, "you spell the celebrated English novelist's name *D-i-c-k-e-n-s*, but you pronounce it *Boz!*"

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Andersen was hardly as vain of his French acquirements, and though he was extravagantly flattered in Paris, and became friendly with the most famous of her denizens—Dumas and Heine among them,—yet he designates the gay capital's frivolities as "Freedom's Funguses." Such sallies, and many of a quainter sort, crop up again and again in his remini-

scences—the whistle of a locomotive he somewhere describes as “The swan-song of a pig at the moment the butcher’s knife is at its throat.” In his younger days, when an aspirant to the footlights, the manager told him he was too thin. “Oh!” replied Hans, “wait till I get a good salary and I’ll soon mend that.” Once, at the theatre, invoking good luck, he could not recollect a suitable dramatic quotation, so he repeated the Lord’s Prayer and came away quite satisfied.

Andersen’s best work, leaving out of account for the moment the Fairy stories, was produced during his mature manhood, that is between his thirtieth and sixtieth birthdays. This period was a truly golden age to him. He was renowned, courted, and decorated beyond any other contemporary author. His literary output was extensive, too extensive to be dealt with in detail here, (a chronological list will be found appended) a few only, of his most important writings, can be singled out for special mention.

Beginning with the novels, first in sequence comes “The Improvisatore,” already alluded to. Then followed “O.T.,” which was completed in Copenhagen, O. T. being the initials of the hero’s name, Otto Throstrup. The plot is inconsequential, but the characterization fully compensates. The best parts of the book are those concerned with the descriptions of Jutland.

Andersen’s third romance, “Only a Fiddler,” appeared in 1837; in this work he reached his high-water mark as a Novelist. It is based upon the facts of his own life. It is full of intense feeling, rich in imagery and character portrayal. One incident is pathetic beyond words, that which describes the scene where the peasants are bearing the broken-hearted lover to his grave, whilst the lady for whom he had died was being driven along the road with her husband, a French marquise. The poor funeral proces-

sion stepped into the ditch to allow her carriage to pass, and she—well, she simply thought "It is 'Only a Fiddler.'"

These three novels have been excellently Englished, and, especially the latter, will well repay perusal.

Like so many other writers, drama and the stage had an almost fatal fascination for Andersen. He was possessed of a veritable passion to see his works on the boards—it was, for the greater part of his life, his supreme ambition. And through it all, his dramas, with very few exceptions, were utter failures. So great a faith had he in his own genius as a play-writer, that he attributed the unsuccesses of his productions entirely to the personal antagonisms of theatre directors. True "The Mulatto" and several shorter efforts enjoyed a sort of success, but those upon which he most confidently relied: "The Moorish Girl," "Herr Rasmussen," and the like, were total fiascoes. In the days before his majority he wrote a certain comedy and read it to Madame Rahbek. "Why!" exclaimed that lady, "there are whole passages copied from Ingemann." "Yes!" admitted Hans, nothing abashed, "but they are so charming you know."

As for the story-teller's verse, much of it, as exhibited in "Fantasia and Sketches," for example, deserves little better praise than that accorded by the critics of the day when they dubbed it, "perfumed love whimperings." Though in "The Dying Child," and scattered throughout his other verse, there is ample evidence that the writer was endowed with the true poetic gift, yet to the ordinary reader there would seem to be more poetry in his prose than in his verse. His travel sketches under the titles of "In Sweden" and "In Spain," are expressed in the most charming diction. From the close of the latter work one may cull an illustration of his style: "And now I am flying homewards with the hosts of the birds of passage, to see the

beeches burst forth, to hear the cuckoo and all the twittering songsters, to walk in the tall, fresh, green grass, to listen to that Danish music, my mother tongue, and see faithful friends, and within my breast I bring back with me a whole treasury of reminiscences."

Thus it will be seen, and further seen, that Andersen did not hit the public taste by any deliberate shot. His most carefully considered aims, were, as a rule, his greatest failures. Those works that apparently cost him least effort, and of which he himself took least account, were those that really stormed the public mind, that were the makers of his fame. It was the last idea to occur to him, that above all things he was a "Fairy-wizard." His readers realised this twenty years before his own eyes were opened to the fact. He was fully conscious of his literary gifts, but strangely blind to that *instinct* which never ceased striving to lead him in his natural path.

By the term *instinct*, I mean some inherited tendency or characteristic. From whence did Hans Christian Andersen derive his? One can only hazard a guess by recalling the circumstance that Hans' father used to relieve the drudgery of his shoemaking by relating stories of the wealth and magnificence of his ancestors. And who, noting the avidity with which his son (Hans, be it remembered, was only nine years old when his father died) listened to his recitals would add such embellishments as his imagination dictated. Andersen's mother, too, may have introduced much of the fairy and goblin element with which these legends were furnished, for, she was a curious personage, and a thorough believer in occultism. Indeed, so strong was her faith in this respect, that she changed her intention of making a tailor of little Hans, on the advice of a fortune-teller. The sybil may have been quite right in this case, for the object of prognostication was left

to take his own course, a course which ultimately led him into fairyland, a domain from which he returned countless times laden with the spoils of wonder lore.

Yes, we venture to think that neither Andersen's poetry, nor his dramas, notwithstanding their occasional merits, nor his novels—excellent as they may be,—are in themselves sufficiently distinguished to class their author among the foremost of the world's writers. It is through his *Fairy-tales*, those Wonder-stories, that an abiding place near the heart of humanity has been reached, and will be permanently maintained. One need not ask excuse, therefore, for seeking thus separately and a little more extendedly to trace the origin and development of this, his special vogue.

The first fact is, that, standing ahead of all his other characteristics, commendatory and otherwise, Andersen was always a child in heart and mind, he never outgrew the faculty that enabled him to enter into the feelings and fancies of children, and in the long run this genius of childlikeness asserted itself as his most conspicuous gift.

Whilst Andersen was still in a whirl of elation owing to the splendid success of the recently published "Improvisatore" (1835), there was offered to the reading public a little volume called "Fairy Tales as told to Children." This small book, sold at 4½d., contained "The Tinder-box," "Little Claus and Big Claus," "The Princess and the Pea," and "Little Ida's Flowers." The following year (1836) a further instalment appeared, comprised of "Thumbelisa," "The Naughty Boy," and "The Travelling Companion." And in 1837 yet another series, including "The Little Mermaid" and "The Emperor's New Clothes." It was these three issues that made up the first volume of the famous "Wonder Stories."

Even yet, our author was so absorbed in endeavouring to

create what he imagined should be some masterpiece worthy his genius, that he considered these delightful little gems below his powers and speaks of them as "mere sleights of hand with Fancy's Golden apples." Besides this feverish attempt to attain the object of his ambition, the period, during which the foregoing stories were produced, saw a large output of dramatic work. From French, German, and Italian sources he had translated or adapted seven operettas (only one of these seems to have met with real success), in addition he had turned out two full dramas, "The Mulatto" and "The Moorish Girl."

Yet, during this busy time, Andersen found opportunity to write more of his self-despised stories, stories which the public had now begun to look forward to with expectant pleasure. So, in the middle of 1838, "The Goloshes of Fortune," appeared, and at the end of the same year, "The Daisy," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "The Wild Swans." In 1839 followed, "The Garden of Eden," "The Flying Coffer," and "The Storks."

With an incredible obstinacy, Andersen still continued blind to the real bent of his genius, he believed himself to be a born dramatist—had he not confounded the critics with "The Improvisatore" and therewith demonstrated himself a novelist? He now expressed his determination to force the world to confess that he was also a transcendent dramatist. But the fairy-soul within him was stronger than his most tenacious resolves, his dramas would *not* prove masterpieces—he fell into fretfulness and despair, was ordered abroad, and travel, the panacea for all his ills, again restored him to his better self.

This particular tour (to Constantinople) is interesting to Englishmen, from the fact that on the return journey Andersen fell in with William Francis Ainsworth, cousin to the Manchester novelist. The individual records these

men have left of each other are mutually flattering. The men were in quarantine together at Orsova, wherein their durance was made vile, as Andersen puts it, by the incessant playing of Bulgarian flutes, always the same tune, executed on two notes so high, that it sounded like blowing down a tulip stalk and treading on a cat's tail at the same time. But what is more important in view of our purpose, is, that a new book, "An Author's Bazaar" (1842) issued out of this journey. Woven in with the matter of this work may be found a quartette of the happiest of his "Wonder Stories," namely: "The Metal Pig," "The Compact of Friendship," "A Rose from Homer's Grave," and "My Boots."

It should be noted that it was the above-mentioned series beginning with "The Daisy" and with the addition of "Oli Lockeye," "The Rose Elf," "The Swineherd," and "The Buckwheat," that formed the second collection of the "Fairy Tales."

A further series of these stories was issued in 1845 and included: "The Angel," "The Nightingale," "The Sweethearts," and the famous "The Ugly Duckling." The next year brought another batch, among which "The Snow Queen," and "The Elfin Mound," appeared. These, and others one need not stop to name, constituted the third collection. It may also be as well to state here that, meantime, "A Picture-book Without Pictures," better known in this country under the title of "What the Moon Saw," was given to the world.

A short interregnum in the progress of the fairy-tales happened about this time. The truth was, Andersen was engrossed in his ponderous epic-poem, "Ahasuerus," a work he intended should vindicate once for all his claims as a poet indisputable. It was a failure, as was also his novel "The Two Baronesses," produced concurrently; so,

at length through these failures, the fairy agent's eyes began to open, and he saw his true path, though as yet, but dimly.

The year 1848 welcomed two more modest volumes, of what the writer now styled, "New Fairy Tales," consisting of "The Old Street Lamp," "The Shadow," "The Story of a Mother," etc. In consequence of the Holstein revolt, the next three years of Andersen's life were barren of literary results or nearly so. In 1851 was published "I Sverrig" (In Sweden) a work inferior to nothing he has written for beauty of diction and poetic feeling, but valuable above all because in its pages are enshrined five of his finest "Stories," "The Puppet Showman," "A History," "The Grandmother," "The Dumb-book," and "Bird Phoenix."

Again, "The Tales" seemed to hang fire for a few years, mainly owing to the storyteller having become enamoured of philosophy whose diligent study imbued him with the desire to prove that "Religion and Science are not hostile empires but neighbouring states." To effect this, he wrote his last novel (the only one written with a purpose) entitled "To Be, or not to Be." It occupied the best part of four years, and was published in 1857.

The elf-muse, however, was far from idle during this period, for, between the years 1852 and 1862 Andersen published no fewer than fifty-five tales, among them, "The Story of the Year," "The Marsh King's Daughter," "The Ice Maiden," and other universally admired stories. Andersen's confessed favourites were "The Child in the Grave," and "The Story of a Mother," the idea of the latter was suggested to him in a London street.

Again war broke out, ending disastrously for Denmark. Andersen joined in the national despair, exclaiming: "It is high time for me also to march off now, and yet I have done so little. I am as heavy and weary as after a day's

march on the hot plains." How soon he recovered his normal condition, however, is evidenced in the fact that very soon after the cessation of hostilities he produced, in two volumes, thirteen more of his incomparable tales, including such well-known titles as "The Snowdrop," and "The Silver Penny."

In 1866, at sixty-one years of age, Andersen, for the first time, set up house-keeping on his own account, though he seems to have sorely begrudged the furnishing expenses—to a friend he laments the folly of paying £11. for a bed, and he adds: "My death-bed, too, for if it does not last till I die it will not be worth what I paid for it." These fourteen years forward, to the end of his life, formed Andersen's elysium. There was no more popular a writer than he, either at home or beyond. Decorated to very profusion with foreign and native honours, fêted and companioned by Royalty itself, his early dreams, the most wildly imaginative, never soared to so glorious a consummation.

At the age of sixty-six he projected a visit to Norway, and his friends hinting that such a journey was too much for him at his time of life, he replied: "I was probably born under a star called Pendulum, and am bound to go backwards and forwards tic-tac! tic-tac! till the clock stops and down I lie." And, to Norway he went, where he was the guest of Björnson. The great poet wrote and recited a poem in his honour, opening thus:—

"Welcome to us from Fairy Land,
Thou childlike soul with childhood's dreams!"

Christmas of this same year (1871) brought to light another little volume comprised of thirteen "Tales," mostly reprints from his magazine contributions of the year. Twelve months afterwards (1872) were issued "The Door

Key," "What Old Johanna Said," "Aunt Toothache," and "The Cripple," these were the last things the old man ever wrote (he was sixty-eight, and but two years of his death) and thus, after a spell of thirty-seven years, was concluded the long series of those *eternal-youthed* stories, 156 in number, exclusive of "The Picture-book Without Pictures," which remain a delight to the young, aye, and also to the old, in every civilized land.

It would seem natural to pause here and enquire how the stories of Andersen compare with those of the Brothers Grimm. Well! they do not compare at all, nor should there be any attempt at comparison. The tales of the Brothers Grimm, were for the most part, a compilation of stories already existing in the traditions and folk-lore of Germany and its allied provinces. Those of Andersen, with certain exceptions, were the original figments of his own imagination. The Grimms, though excellent in their way, were little more than collectors. Andersen was a creator—wherein lies all the difference.

It must be evident to the readers of Andersen's "Fairy-tales," or "Wonder-stories," as their alternative title runs, that there is much quaint wisdom and not a little sly philosophy underlying many of his imaginative extravagancies. To quote one instance from "The Puppet-show Man." When the showman got his desire, and the puppets were endowed with life, they led him such a dance with their petty jealousies and bickerings that he wished them back to their doll state again, which teaches that ill-considered desires often take up the best part of one's life to realise, and the remainder of it in trying to rid ourselves of the incubus.

As frequently, too, his fairy-puppets caper before a background of actual experience. "The Snow Queen" embalms the memory of Hans' little garden of chives and

parsley on the roof of his childhood's home at Odense. "The Tinder-box" and "The Travelling Companion" were the outcome of his recollections of the old women (he never mixed with other children) whom as a child he was fond of visiting at the Odense poor-house. The story of "The Red Shoes" is reminiscent of the days when he first wore a pair of new shoes and swaggered up the aisle of the Church to the music of their squeaking—thereon his conscience upbraided him, as he says, "for forgetting God for a pair of new shoes." And so one might go on finding a hundred such like examples without exhausting the quest.

Probably no one less child-hearted than Andersen could have written such fairy-tales as he has done, yet he never had any great liking for children themselves, save those of his most intimate friends, and those of the Dickens family in particular. His child-likeness was manifested, rather, in his delight for simple things, flowers, paper-figures, a desire to be noticed, and to play the first part in any society he affected. It consisted, too, in his simple beliefs, and the blamelessness of his life, his one failing being, an inordinate love of praise. As has been said of someone else, "He was a man, with the mind of a woman, and the disposition of a child."

The rebound in his temperament enabled him to stumble, with no great hurt, over the hard places of his fate, to emerge smiling, and to climb into fame, in spite of all animadversion and disappointment.

So, we hasten to the close, embittering his memory with no harsh criticism, but according that kindly appreciation which was at all times the very breath of life to him.

Towards the end of his days the elf-veteran writes: "Yes, after all, life is the most lovely of fairy-tales. Why does God grant me so much happiness? Where all is given one cannot be proud, one can only bow the head in

humility and thankfulness." Soon after he says: "I have entered upon my seventieth year, which according to the Bible is the maximum age of man," and he continues, "it is as if I had filled up my wheel of life with fairy-tale spokes quite close together." His cup of content was filled to over-flowing, when, on the birthday of his three-score years and ten, he was presented with a volume containing one of his stories translated into fifteen languages. On this occasion, too, the King further decorated him with one of the highest orders he could confer.

Yet, amid all this there is a lingering strain of wistfulness about his thoughts of the past. "Ah!" he exclaims, "if I could only be young again and have my present experience, I would turn somersaults all the way down the Ostergade," the Piccadilly of Copenhagen, "for very joy."

At the Danish capital, during the last year of his life, too, he was presented to our present Queen, then the Princess of Wales, and her "five pretty children." They all knew him, and through his tales, loved him. How singular it strikes one, parenthetically, that he who contributed so much to the happiness of the world's nurseries should himself have remained unmarried!

At last the aged writer was confined to his two rooms and there waited upon by devoted friends. Cancer of the liver was diagnosed, though he was spared knowledge of the nature of his ailment, and likewise the acute pain that often accompanies it. Indeed, he suffered very little, and in the hours of his slow dissolution he was wont to whisper: "How happy I am, and, how lovely is the world—it is as though I were sailing into a beautiful harbour where pain is not nor any sorrow."

And, so, on August 4th, 1875, the good old story-teller fell asleep, and his body was followed to its last resting-place by his majesty the King of Denmark and the high

ministers of State. His life, like his work, was thus singularly rounded and complete, and having lived the full span of mortal years, one is enabled to judge equally, of the man's power and of his limitations. Though he may not have bequeathed anything supremely great to mankind, surely the warrant is no small boon to inherit, that, this old world of ours will always grow young again wherever the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen are known and read.

A chronological list of the works of Hans Christian Andersen, exclusive of the Fairy Tales, which will be found in the text of above article, and omitting those of his earlier productions which were absolutely puerile.

1820, or thereabouts, Andersen produced his first complete dramatic work, entitled "The Forest Chapel," a tragedy in five acts; a mixture of sense and absurdity.

1820. Another tragedy, "Alfsol," just as unpalyable as the first.

1820. The Comedy, which called forth the remark from Madame Rahbek, "Why, there are whole passages copied from Ingemann."

1820. Yet another tragedy, called "The Robbers of Vissenburg."

1822. An original story, "The Spectre at Palnatoke's Grave." Not a copy of this work was sold.

Among meantime verse appeared "The Dying Child," a decided success.

1829. Gained his *Laudabilis*, and his life as a real author began by the issue of "Fordreise." This book ran through several editions, and was published among the Danish classics. In it one finds the first trace of his fairy-tale gift.

1831-2. "Fantasia and Sketches," and another volume of collected poems.

1832. "Silhouettes," travel sketches of a journey in the Hartz Mountains.

1832. "Love on St. Nicholas' Tower," a farce. This play had a pseudo success, and was followed by half-a-dozen other pieces not worth tabulating.
1833. "Danish Poets—Vignettes."
1833. "The Twelve Months of the Year."
1834. "Agnes and Merman," a dramatic poem.
1835. "The Improvisatore," the author's first novel.
1836. "O.T.," his second novel.
1837. "Only a Fiddler," his third and best romance.
1839. "The Mulatto," a drama.
1840. "The Moorish Girl," another drama.
1840. "A Picture Book without Pictures."
1842. "An Author's Bazaar," travels in the East.
- 1843-4. A series of one-act plays, issued anonymously to avoid what he thought was the theatre manager's prejudice against himself.
1846. "Herr Rasmussen," a comedy.
1847. "Ahasuerus," his so-called "Great Epic."
1848. "The Two Baronesses," his fourth novel.
1849. "In Sweden," travel sketches—the most charming, after the fairy tales, of his prose writings.
1855. "Story of My Life," his autobiography.
1857. "To be or not to be," his last romance, written with the object of according science with religion.
1862. "In Spain," more travel experiences.
- And thereafter to 1873, batch after batch of his fairy stories.





LITERARY CANT.

By ARTHUR W. FOX.

IN 1902 a pretty booklet, entitled "The Pocket R.L.S. being Favourite passages from his Works," was issued by a London firm of publishers, who may be supposed to have taken quite as kindly an interest in the financial success of their venture, as in the perpetuation of the fame of Stevenson. That might be well left to take care of itself, though whether it has been enhanced by the publication of the booklet in question may reasonably be doubted. Fortunately for his individual reputation the compiler remains unknown, since he is guilty of an ill-considered extravagance of eulogy couched, it is true, in simple language, in his Prefatory note. He there informs the reader, that "this little book has been compiled, not for the general public, but for that lesser one that loves Stevenson and calls him Master." Most students of good literature love Stevenson, but they are apt to find their true affection insulted by the application to him of the title *Master* with a capital M. Stevenson himself with his robust common sense and his keen perception of humour would have been the first to smile at his selective and indiscreet admirer, as he would have been the last to claim the title thus gratuitously thrust upon him. Juster and more serious critics sadly look back on him, as on one prematurely cut off at the very time when he had reached his full strength in "Weir of Hermistoun," and think with

a kind of wistful affection of what he might have done, had he been spared. It is when he is made the centre of a cult, which right at the outset of its establishment seeks to exalt him by the attempt to dethrone Scott himself, that he runs the risk of suffering grave injustice at the hands of indiscriminating worshippers, whose mouths are filled with the fluent commonplaces of literary cant. The purpose of these pages is to try to guard distinguished men of letters from such mischievous effusiveness, and at the same time to call attention to this literary plague.

Wherever there is a literary cult, there is almost sure to be literary cant of one kind or another. Its forms are various as the hues of the fabled chameleon and quite as delusive: there is that injudicious exaltation of the hero worshipped, which is most likely to lead in the long run to undue depreciation; there is sonorous praise of a popular favourite by those who have never read, nor shown any disposition to read his works; there is pretended admiration for books, which the admirer is convinced that he ought to admire, or which fleeting fashion has declared to be admirable, and there is the common method of making selections with insufficient care and issuing them in booklets dedicated to some particular master with or without the capital M. True honour is not done either to the famous dead or to distinguished living men of letters by any such means: the sublime especially in eulogy has an awkward knack of sinking into the ridiculous, while the outward expression of unfelt praise is a positive insult to its victim. Honest admiration ought to be the characteristic of every lover of real literature, but injudicious extravagance is apt to bring down upon its utterers the merited lash of severer and less partial judges. What has been said of praise applies quite as exactly to blame, for literary cant runs riot upon occasion in rash censure, which is the natural

reaction of its opposite. In all criticism what is essential is a nicely balanced judgment accompanied by a keen perception of fitness, if it is to be of the slightest use as a guide in literature. That may be supposed to be the true object of genuine critics: whether all reviewers are possessed of these two gifts or not, is best known to themselves and to those who lay great stress on their judgments; some at least are by no means exempt from literary cant.

How many infrequent readers of his works are in the illogical position of Mrs. Pendennis, who "said she liked Shakespeare, but didn't." Yet amongst these will be found many, who render themselves conspicuous by their disingenuous habit of swelling eulogy to the bursting-point, while they do not go to see his plays performed. Shakespeare Societies "of the baser sort" have been known to listen contentedly to papers, which clearly show that their readers have not grasped the spirit nor even the meaning of the mighty genius, whom they presume to praise. The cult is natural and the object supremely worthy; but a vast amount of literary cant is its common and lamentable result. Stock phrases are repeated like the stock scenes of a theatre with painful and laborious iteration, unsuitable criticisms are uttered with the sublime cadence of ancient oracles, until, if indeed in Shakespeare's case it be possible, discredit is done to the central figure of the cult. A plain protest is needful at the risk of being seriously misunderstood, its aim being to caution less attentive readers against over-valuing the maudling maunderings of literary cant. Before a sound judgment of a great author can be formed, his works must be carefully studied, the flatulent laudations of superficial students must be set on one side, an honest attempt must be made to arrive at his meaning as well as to discern the real grace of the style, in which he expresses his thoughts. When

the aspiring critic has fulfilled these essentials of his occupation, he will be less likely to go astray himself or mislead others, when he seeks to set forth his opinions in the rigid rows of print.

No great English poet has suffered more cruelly than Robert Browning both from his professed admirers and his avowed detractors. At one time Browning Societies filled the land, whose chief aim to the impartial outsider has sometimes seemed to be the discovery of difficulties where there are none, and the solution of difficulties by explanations far more unintelligible than the original. That mysterious poem "Sordello" has been the happy hunting-ground of commentators of this kind, who have professed to find in it much that does honour to their ingenuity rather than to their sense of critical proportion. It is not to be expected that every poem of a great poet should be equally great, and Browning himself does not appear to have ranked this particular poem amongst his favourites. The wonderful power of many passages and single lines in it must not blind the true critic to its obvious faults, and when its perverse admirers assert that they can find something great in every line, they assert more than they can prove. In like manner critics, who begin their studies of Browning with "Sordello" and stop lost in its earliest mazes, yet who venture to pronounce Browning as a whole to be unintelligible, are repeating the common cant of faint-hearted readers. They are no true friends to a great author, who are either entirely blind to his defects or equally insensible to his excellences; they are afflicted with that disease of literary cant, which is too common to be perfectly pleasing to the honest students of good literature.

Some years ago an "Omar Khayyam Club" was founded by a number of wiseacres, who took their gospel from the quatrains of a wine-sodden pessimist, or rather from the

exquisite form with which these were invested by Edward FitzGerald. They attempted to apply his somewhat obvious reflections to ordinary life, they praised even his least satisfying conclusions, they spent their time in discussing his blank philosophy, until they made their idol, who after all was very human, into a second Buddha with an everlasting message to the world, and what a message it was, when stripped of its inimitable grace, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." The beauty of the stanzas of the old Persian poet is not denied, nor is his high place in literature called in question: but round his venerable name whole volumes of literary cant have gathered and the stream does not yet seem to have come to an end. His own cynical temper would doubtless have prompted him, had he still lived to witness the eccentricities of his followers, to pen one or more of his caustic quatrains at the expense of the Club called by his name. As true poetry no one can fail to recognise the merit of the verse of Omar Khayyam; as philosophy his conclusions are sufficiently shallow to make the metaphysical reader rub his eyes with unfeigned astonishment when he sees the foundation of a Club, whose object is to interpret them to the world. No doubt some of the members may have found it a soothing practice to follow the precepts of the Persian and so to fit themselves to more fully appreciate his poetry. Yet it is curious, that these fetish-worshippers do not perceive how dangerous their ecstatic admiration is to its object. It inspires expectations in less enthusiastic and more critical readers, which can never be fulfilled; consequently the poet himself is unjustly blamed for the extravagance of his adorers.

Few foes are more subtle, or more injurious to the fame of great authors than literary cant. It is usually so unblushing in pronouncements, which expose its own

ignorance, whether they be favourable or adverse. There is something unreal in the very essence, which tends to make its living hearers suspicious of the true merits of those about whom it is spoken. Constant repetition renders it alike wearisome and odious to the restless student, who gradually becomes impatient of *crambe repetita*, which may be paraphrased as "warmed-up porridge." When it has become the fashion to pronounce that certain works of current fiction must be read by all those who would be considered to be in the *mode*, every drawing-room critic summons up his limited stock of adjectives and more limited supply of ideas to describe the glories of the fashionable favourite. The work may be of a high order in its own kind, for example it may be a dreary novel with a purpose; but the praise bestowed upon it is so inflated, that the hearers are inclined to doubt its complete sincerity, while they nourish an unkind suspicion that the magniloquent eulogist of Mrs. Humphry Ward's stately moralisings in his heart of hearts prefers the majestic melodrama of Mr. Hall Caine or the voluminous flightiness of Miss Corelli. The drawing-room critic is of all others the one who revels in literary cant of this obtrusive and repulsive kind. If some naughtily disposed sceptic should have the cruelty to cross-question him on the subject of his praise, he will return short and inaccurate answers, thus clearly showing either how carelessly he has read the book, with which he professes himself delighted, or how carefully he has caught the current cant without taking the trouble to read it at all.

Similarly when censure becomes fashionable, in most mouths it falls under the rank of literary cant. Numbers of virtuous critics—and the virtue of society-critics towards the faults of others is highly edifying if a little surprising—who wield the lash, have little or no acquaintance

with the author whom they venture to chastise. They repeat what they have heard others say with an added emphasis, which makes the original opinion hard to discover. How many society readers take up certain books, because they are really interested in them, how many because it is considered by a certain section "good form" to read them? Nay more how many after they have read the works in question, have found them really interesting and yet are not ashamed to profess delight in them? The opinions of such, even if they have the good fortune to be original, are for the most part worthless, because they seldom display the real thought of those who utter them. The sheep follow the bellwether, answering his "baa" with a similar monosyllable; and sheep are to be found elsewhere than on the hill-side or in the pasture. Hero-worship is right and a true instinct of mankind; but it must never be forgotten that heroes are human and liable to err, as indeed are even critics.

So long as readers are prepared to have their opinions dealt out to them by self-constituted judges, and to take them as they are dealt, there will be literary cant both in censure and eulogy. Why should they shrink from expressing their full opinion of the book which they are reading without catching the parrot-phrases of a certain class of critics? Such unsophisticated judgments would be far more interesting and valuable than those uttered at second-hand, and what is of greater importance, they would be more likely to be genuine. It never seems to occur to buttress-needing readers, that they may be doing the work of an author departed or still living considerable injury by retailing what others have said of him. Poets in particular suffer much from such literary cant. It is sometimes easier to take another's opinion of a poem than to read it, and easier still to repeat that opinion. Some

have the hardihood, for example, to praise every line in "The Excursion," because they have been taught to do so, not because they have read every line. That is not the most respectful way in which to treat the most considerable, though perhaps not the greatest work of a poet of high though occasional genius. The would-be eulogist is at least bound to read it and to come to his own conclusions about its merits, before he ventures to speak of them. Similarly the wonderful Puritan Epic of "Paradise Lost" has suffered much from such repetitious raptures. Indeed those who have never read it through, if at all, are the first to hold up their hands in holy horror at the audacity of M. Taine, who has dared to assert that "Milton's Adam and Eve were Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson without their clothes." It may be that he forgot the later vestments of figleaves "broad as Amazonian shields"; but this much must be said of the eminent Frenchman's criticism, that it at least points to the exact care with which he studied both the great poem and the famous Memoirs of the Puritan Colonel. Milton's Epic has stood the test of more than two centuries too nobly to need the fashionable praise of literary cant, or to fear adverse criticism of its real blemishes.

Much more might be said on this fruitful subject; for there are many cults in the literary world, of which perhaps none is more surprising than those of Ibsen. Of him and his works no opinion is offered; of his followers it must be confessed, that some of them are able to find beauties in strange places. Wherever it occurs literary cant is in itself objectionable and often harmful. It displaces genuine criticism, that invaluable aid to reading; it is hollow in itself and yet capable of taking in the unwary; it is disrespectful to genius to say nothing of the smaller gift of talent; it is the false coin current in un-

perceptive minds and is freely uttered by thoughtless lips. Admiration, love and reverence are the due of literary genius; but let them be discriminating and at least honest. Then justice will be done to true men of letters of whatever rank, and no student will be compelled to love his favourite authors less. The words of this protest may seem to be strong, but they do express a frank opinion on a common vice of critics and others, which demands plain speaking and forcible phrases.

* * *

LIFE'S TWILIGHT.

By B. A. REDFERN.

"And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

THE DAY IS DONE.—*Longfellow.*

THE gloaming spreads o'er sea and land,
Grey shadows lengthen, night's at hand,
Sad winds breathe faintly, streams grow pale,
And clouds hang low o'er crest and vale;
Thus ends our day!

Yet why repine? The twilight's sweet
After the long day's feverish heat:
With task-work ended, rest so nigh,
Shall we fold hands, make moan, or sigh,
In weak dismay?

Nay, let us meet the impending night,
Calmly content, with no affright,
And heeding joys and mercies past,
Be thankful, helpful to the last.

We've had our day!

Content? Nay more! be cheer'd with hope,—
Though feebly in the dark we grope,—
That, in due course, glad dawn will rise,
And we shall see, with wondering eyes,
Another day.



WORDSWORTH'S DAFFODIL POEM: ITS HISTORY AND POETICAL QUALITY.

By GEORGE MILNER.

THIS poem was written in 1804, and first published in 1807, as one of a series to which the title "Moods of my own Mind" was given. In 1815 the poet included it among his "Poems of the Imagination." It was in 1802 that the incident occurred which suggested the lines. Wordsworth and his sister Dora were apparently on a visit at Eusemere, the house of the Clarksons, at the foot of Ullswater. The story is told in Dora's delightful journal. She writes that on the 15th of April they started for a walk along the shores of the Lake. It was a day of furious wind and she thought they must have returned, but they pushed on, and then, "when we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park," she says:—

We saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea (she only means the Lake) had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more, and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turn-pike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing.

There is more in the Diary, but this is the central passage, and I have given the whole of it because it is all deeply interesting and is certainly one of the curiosities of literature. In itself it is very beautiful, and though written in the simplest prose, its imagery reveals—as do many other parts of the Diary—that the sister was also a poet. The passage, as I have said, is interesting because it raises many questions: How far is the poet his sister's debtor? Did he write with these words before him, and use them to refresh his memory? Did he select the points which best suited his purpose, did he omit others, which it seems to me might naturally have found their way into the poem because he could not bring them into the harmonious scheme of the whole which he had in his mind? or did he know nothing of the Diary, and are the two versions the independent transcripts of two congenial minds? That he owed much to his sister with regard to a considerable portion of his verse there can be no doubt, and of this he has made frequent and generous acknowledgment. In the poem on "The Sparrow's Nest" he says:—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

Whatever may be the answer to the questions above—and for myself I believe that the Daffodil poem owes much to Dora's suggestive description—it is certain that to his wife he owes the two finest lines in the composition, the lines which have done more than any others to secure its immortality:—

They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude.

Of these two lines Wordsworth himself said, in a letter to Mr. Wrangham, that if they were

Thoroughly felt, they would annihilate nine-tenths of the reviews of the Kingdom, as they would find no readers.

The two best lines in it are by Mary. The daffodils grew, and still grow, on the margin of Ulleswater, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves.

I turn now to the consideration of the poem's poetic quality. It may be taken for granted that the "Daffodils" has its place among Wordsworth's best work. Popular approval, and the judgment of critics are alike in its favour, I know of no good selection from which it is omitted. Palgrave has it, of course, and Arnold. It was written rather more than mid-way in his best period, which is usually set down as from 1798 to 1808. (I prefer 1806 or 1807 as the latter date.) And if we reserve the many noble sonnets which, with very inferior ones, were written in later years, I think the limitation is a sound one. His theory enunciated in the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" about choosing incidents and situations from common life, and relating them in words such as are really used by men in their ordinary speech, had been gradually relaxed in its application. His practice became better than his theory, the extreme and affected baldness disappeared, and although he still wisely avoided the conventional stock phrases and images and personification of the eighteenth century poets, he permitted himself to use a wider and richer vocabulary while he retained the simplicity and freshness of his ideas. This process culminated in his finest lyrical effort, the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," a piece which he never surpassed himself, and which few poets at any period have ever approached. This was written between the years 1803 and 1806.

In the famous preface, to which allusion had already been made, Wordsworth says: "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility."

A truer word than this was never spoken on the subject of the birth of poetry and its subsequent embodiment in a form of words. The poet who has fully comprehended this significant suggestion has reached the secret of successful composition in verse. The poem with which we are dealing is a pertinent illustration of the right poetic method. The incident occurred in 1802; the poem was not written till 1804. The first thing that would strike a careful reader of the poem is, I think, the deliberate presentation of a single and momentary impression received in an enthusiasm of surprise and delight. I had written these words before I remembered that Wordsworth had said something to the same effect in reference to the poem.

In the edition of 1815 he has a footnote which runs thus: "The subject of these stanzas is rather an elementary feeling and simple impression (approaching to the nature of an ocular spectrum) upon the imaginative faculty, than an exertion of it." The idea of an ocular spectrum is curious, and throws additional light on the genesis of the poem. Now let us look in what way does the poet seek to realise and embody for the reader his first impression? As the poem had its origin in a visual impression, that impression must be reproduced in precise and yet vivid detail. Simplicity of diction must be maintained and no words must be wasted, a quick vision must not have a long drawn-out description (in its earliest form the poem was shorter by one stanza, the second, than it is now), and so we are told exactly where the daffodils were: they were near the water, they stretched along a bay of the lake, there were trees over them, their number was great and

seemed to increase, first a "crowd," then a "host," then they were "ten thousand"—that is, innumerable,—they fluttered and danced, and tossed their golden heads—and that is all. If we turn to the imagery we find there is but little of it, but it is of a kind to give elevation to the body of the poem—the lonely cloud, and the endless stars in the milky way. Neither imagery, nor the accurate descriptions of nature are, in themselves, however, sufficient to make an enduring poem. The human element must not only enter into it—it must suffuse the whole, either directly or by implication, either in the person of the poet himself (as is proper to the lyric), or objectively in the persons of others. Here our interest is aroused by the picture of the lonely poet, lonely in thought, if not actually alone, surprised into a sudden joy; gay, jocund even, and gazing again and again until the "Show" had become part of himself; and then the final stanza with its incomparable central couplet, the crown and perfection of the poem. It is curious that this prominence of the human interest in Wordsworth's poetry is so often overlooked. His life-long and unique devotion to the study and interpretation of nature—an interpretation both original and profound—has led the critics astray. They have forgotten, what any careful study of his works must have taught them, that his interest in man was inseparably bound up with his interest in nature. His Nature-teaching becomes intelligible and coherent only when considered in relation to his views and sympathies with regard to man. In setting forth what was to be his theme in the great poem which he projected but only half finished, and which was to include "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," he says:—

A voice shall speak, and what will be the theme?
On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life.

And again :—

The Mind of Man—
My haunt and the main region of my song.

And again :—

He must hear
Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities.

And if we but run over the titles of his minor poems we shall see how large a number—a majority probably—are devoted to the study and delineation of humanity rather than of what we call Nature.

The daffodils are no longer to be found on the shores of Ullswater, or in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park. They are still plentiful in the neighbourhood but they are gone from their old haunt. They have obtained, however, a new and enduring life in the short and unpretentious poem of which I have been speaking. They have received that kind of immortality which it is the privilege of genius to confer, and still they will exercise their power upon us as they did upon the poet, and in hours of lassitude or regret fill our hearts with pleasure when once more

They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude.



